15¢ JUNE 20, 1949

New Republic

PROGRESS AT PARIS

By PERCY WINNER

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- **THE NEW TASK IN GERMANY** By JAMES STEWART MARTIN

- **HAROLD L. ICKES ON: GUILT BY NON-ASSOCIATION**

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*Rodney Gilbert in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

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New Republic

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1949, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. Printed in the U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

WE HAVE a queer Victorian prejudice against Senators cursing witnesses as Eastland (D, Miss.) did C. B. Baldwin, secretary of the Progressive Party, here last week. Eastland used the standard, red-blooded, 100-percent-American epithet, preceded by "goddam" and with "liar" thrown in for good measure. A lot of newspapers found it amusing and got smirking satisfaction out of suggestively abbreviating the familiar term into "S. O. B." What bothers us, though, is that Nazi interrogators used to curse and bully witnesses the same way. Eastland is sponsoring the Mundt-Ferguson bill to wipe out subversives, and you can see what a red-blooded, 100-percent-American measure it is from the chairman's virile attitude.

Come to think of it, a lot of this sort of thing is going on now, one way or another. In the Chambers-Hiss trial, Harry White, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who is dead and can't defend himself, is still called a Communist. Senator McCarran's judiciary subcommittee asks Liz Bentley, ex-Communist courier on trial in a libel suit, to name some more "spies"; she does so and McCarran publishes the 10 names without checking.

Out in California the local legislative Un-American Activities Committee suddenly offers scores on scores of names. Simultaneously, an "unfavorable" Army intelligence report against Chairman Gordon Clapp of the TVA mysteriously appears and is promptly termed an "error" by Secretary Gray after the harm has been done. (The same forces gunning for Clapp are after Lilienthal.) The oddest situation, perhaps, is the Coplon trial, where not merely batches of tips coming to the FBI from suspicious neighbors are published, but the names of some of the informants themselves. Not for nothing in every telephone directory under the title, "How to Make Local Emergency Calls," is printed in large type "Federal Bureau of Investigation."

President Truman made an effective speech at Little Rock, Arkansas, and put the European military-aid program back in the legislative picture. So far as we can now see, the Paris conference is a flop. If it winds up that way it will have an inevitable effect on Congress. Thus far the two major trends affecting this Congress have been the lessened tension with Russia and the growing economic crisis. Desperately looking for means to head off the approaching deficit, Congress has found the line of least resistance leading straight through the Marshall Plan funds. The revelation that Moscow is no more inclined now than before to coöperate with the West would, we should imagine, strengthen the hands of ECA chairman Hoffman.

It was a grotesque scene in the Senate Appropriations Committee last week when octogenarian McKellar, his mottled face red with rage, told suave, composed Hoffman he "should resign." The room where the committee meets in the Capitol is ugly mustard-brown, embellished with hand paintings to within an inch of its life, with allegorical nymphs, fawns and heroes hovering over the embarrassed Senators' bald heads.

In this curious setting last week McKellar challenged Hoffman to name a single contribution ECA had made to the world other than to "pay budget deficits" of the 19 European countries. Hoffman, with some eloquence, argued that ECA had halted the march of Communism across Europe. Then to our astonished ears came the words of the aged chairman, in a cackling, high-pitched voice, "Oh, now you're

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getting into the field of foreign affairs; that's foreign affairs!" The remark still baffles us.

On the subject of deepening recession the nation ought to get some real leadership when the President's Council of Economic Advisers issues its semi-annual report in the first week of July. The Council customarily mutes its voice, but the information is there. In some ways the most disturbing feature is one most writers aren't mentioning; it is that the cost of living, for all the whoopla, has not actually gone down very far and is only about three or four points from the all-time August, 1948, peak of 174.5. Rent and utility costs are actually rising.

What this means is that manufacturers and middlemen in many industries are still sticking to excessively high prices even while the bottom threatens to fall out of purchasing power. The one big argument against a fourth round of wages has been lower living costs. An orderly "disinflation" requires all economic elements to retreat at once; failure of living costs to fall could produce a rout.

Notes. Jobless by August should be 3.9 million. . . . Again John L. Lewis is the scapegoat for a sick industry. US mines normally produce more coal than can be used and unemployment customarily results; Lewis knows that damages his bargaining power and is proceeding accordingly.

The ultimate scorecard of this weary session of Congress may not look so bad. It should include: crop-storage program (passed), weak rent-control extension (passed), housing, federal aid to education, reciprocal-trade-agreement extension, Atlantic Pact, Marshall Plan extension. . . . There may also be a European military-aid law. . . . After a year's wait, the Senate finally confirmed liberal Thomas C. Buchanan to the Federal Power Commission; lobbyists are now concentrating against the appointment of liberal John Carson to the FTC. . . . Treasury Secretary Sawyer will probably discuss pound devaluation while in London.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Estimate of Wallace

SIR: In reading the *New Republic* for the past year I have only one criticism to make. I feel that the role Henry Wallace has played, regardless of his personal political judgments or merits, has been underestimated. Did not Wallace's actions play a great role in the recent campaign, first in galvanizing Truman into a realization that he had only one ace in his pack, "The New Deal," and second in acting as a lightning rod for the terrific barrage of "communist" charges which were hurled at the Democrats and for which Senator Thomas, *et al.*, played such interesting pyrotechnical roles? . . .

Come 1950 and '52 such a miracle might not be repeated for the benefit of the Democratic Party. And in the meantime it might be well to take a look at what Wallace really represents on the American scene.

First, in international politics, a symbol of coöperation and sympathy with and for Russia. Does the fact that his technique does not win elections invalidate the correctness of his principles? Your supplement on the USSR (May 16), indicating its inherent weakness and intense desire not to wage war at present (emphasizing also the psychological reactions of one who must "save face" almost to the point of suicide), would appear to make Wallace's position a shining and inspired point of light in a world of murky darkness. . . .

Second, in national affairs, a definite bias toward socialism—the ultimate right and authority of the government to assume the role of arbiter and lawgiver even in economic matters for the sake of peace as well as war. What is wrong with this concept except that the people are not ready to receive it in the United States? Yet come another depression and the suffering inherent in it, and they *will* receive it, either in its black or white aspects—a military dictatorship or a democratic socialism. Is Wallace wrong because he is politically premature? Is he vile because he is attempting to save the people from suffering he can foresee? Is he foolish because he is wise enough to see and kind enough to tell what he sees and to dramatize his vision? I do not see it so. . . .

It is unfortunately true that Wallace has not that faculty of translating his insight and goodness into intelligible political terms. It is a pity that the administrative and practical skill of a Roosevelt could not have been combined in one person with the depth of insight and genuine humanitarianism of a Wallace. How different, then, would have been the handling of the Communists and their doctrinaire opinions on many subjects, the religious problem, the veteran, the Negro and every practical issue which forced the general public to conclude that this great man was really a "bubble head." The attitude was right, and will be justified by history, but the handling was amateurish, inexpert and lacking in skill and fortitude in the extreme.

What the Democratic Party must do to cleanse and justify itself is to move up to the ideological and intellectual plateau of Wallace and find somewhere the administrative and tactical skill which it lost in Roosevelt. It sounds like a miracle, and it would indeed be a far greater one than the last election.

Kent, Wash. LINDEN DALBERG

Teachers Beware

SIR: Teachers of the nation must become aware of the intensive efforts of the United States Chamber of Commerce to defeat the Federal Aid to Education bill that has been brought out of committee and has a good chance of becoming law. The major reason given by the Chamber of Commerce for its opposition is that this bill, if passed, would be the beginning of the end of local control over education and that with increasing federal control over education the American tradition will be destroyed.

What is this tradition of local control over education that the Chamber is so anxious to preserve? . . . Look into the history of local boards of education and you find that they have been nests of power and influence for the local real-estate interests and economic forces of the same kin. Or else these boards of education have been instruments of those religious agencies that controlled the lives of the people in the communities, usually an influence of an obscurantist nature and inimical to the forces working for progressive intellectual change.

Assuming that federal aid to education will serve to break down local control, what are the real fears of the people in and behind the Chamber of Commerce? They are the fears that with federal control there might come an emancipation of the classroom from the confining provincialisms and backwater medievalisms of the local communities. Let the teachers alert themselves and speak up against this movement of the Chamber of Commerce.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MARTIN WOLFSON

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VOLUME 120, NUMBER 25, ISSUE 1803, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 20, 1949 **New Republic**

THE COURT, THE COMMUNISTS AND THE LIBERALS

THE TRIAL of eleven top officials of the Communist Party of the USA in Federal District Court in New York is now in its fifth month. It took the government about four months to present its case; and since the Communist tactics have from the beginning involved obstruction and delay, the trial seems likely to go on for some time. Whatever the outcome, the issue will go to the US Supreme Court. Any attempt to predict either the immediate or the ultimate result of a case still in progress would be highly improper; yet without attempting to usurp the functions of the jury, some points can be made on the basis of the government's case as presented.

This trial is conducted under one clause of the Smith Act of 1940. This Act is intended in general to cover registration of agents of alien principals, but it contains a section that prohibits conspiring to teach or advocate the violent overthrow of the government. When the law was enacted, most American liberals sharply attacked this section. Their argument was that "conspiracy" was so difficult to prove that in effect this law could be used to punish mere belief, or the expression of belief, in cases where there was no attempt to commit any act. It was also said that this language was so loose it might be used to cover many people not revolutionists at all, might indeed be used against a teacher of economics in a university or high school who told his classes what Marx and Engels had said and written. There were specific protests by many liberals when the law was used in the case against the Trotskyists in Minnesota.

The government has introduced thirteen witnesses, a number of whom had been members of the Communist Party while acting secretly as agents of the FBI; several were still party members in good standing, up to the time of taking the witness stand. Here is a summary of the most relevant parts of their testimony:

Herbert A. Philbrick said party members were taught that treason against the US would be justified in a war with Russia, and after 1945 the party line was that violent revolution was necessary to overthrow the US Government. In 1947, Massachusetts Communists were told to infiltrate key industries in that state and particularly the General Electric plant at Lynn, making engines for jet planes.

Frank S. Meyer said the Workers' School in Chicago after 1945 taught that American democracy must be overthrown by violence.

Garfield Herron testified that lecturers in party schools taught that the US had become Russia's chief postwar target for a Communist revolution.

Charles W. Nicodemus said he was told that Russia intends to invade the United States through Siberia and Alaska, and that the CPUSA planned a revolution to coincide with Russia's invasion of the US. In 1940, he said, Communist Party members in the Cumberland, Maryland, plant of the Celanese Corporation were ordered to draw maps of the plant, presumably for use in sabotage. (The Second World War was in progress in 1940, but the Stalin-Hitler pact was still in force. Judge Harold Medina ordered this testimony stricken from the record on the ground that the prosecution had failed to connect it definitely with any of the individual defendants.)

William O. Nowell testified that there were plans for a Negro state, extending from Virginia to the Mississippi Delta, as part of a Communist revolution.

Angela Calomiris said she had attended numerous Communist lectures advocating revolution.

Thomas A. Younglove reported he had been told that war between the US and Russia was near and that American Communists should be prepared to go underground.

William Cummings said a party school taught that American streets "must run red with blood" as they did in Russia in 1917. Instruction was also given in stirring up hatred against capitalists, the army and the police, and how to conduct slowdown strikes in factories. Cummings says William Z. Foster told a state Communist convention last summer that if America should go to war with Russia, Russia would "occupy all of Europe and Asia" and "we should select leaders here capable of giving an account of themselves in a crisis of that kind."

Testimony similar in general to this was given by John V. Blanc and Balmes Hidalgo.

Louis F. Budenz, a Communist until 1945 and at one time managing editor of the *Daily Worker*, took the stand to recite his familiar views. While he was a Communist he assumed the party was planning a revolution in this country. He was given a book by Stalin, *The Fundamentals of Leninism*, for his guidance. In it Stalin said revolution in America "is impossible without the violent destruction of the machinery of the bourgeois state." He said both Marx and Lenin believed socialism could not be brought about without the use of force, and pointed out that the

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first sentence of the preamble of the CP constitution says the party in America is founded on Marxism and Leninism.

John Gates, editor of the *Daily Worker* and one of the defendants, testified that the party does not advocate force and violence, but that these might result from resistance to "peaceful development of socialism. We anticipate the Wall Street financial interests and big corporations would use every possible measure, including force and violence, to prevent such a [socialist] government from coming to power, or to overthrow such a government once it came to power."

Clearly, the government has failed to make out the overwhelming case that many people anticipated before the trial began. With the exclusion of part of the testimony of Nicodemus, the record contains no report of any Communist revolutionary action or immediately contemplated action. There is no clear statement as to the actual degree of secrecy involved in the meetings of the Communist Party at which government witnesses were present, or the possibly confidential nature of the documents read, discussed or endorsed at these meetings. So far as can be learned, all the books and pamphlets cited by either side in the trial are readily available in bookstores and libraries, and the language they employ in regard to revolution and the overthrow of capitalism at some future date has been thoroughly familiar for decades and generations. It is enormously difficult to say how seriously this language was taken by Communist Party leaders or their followers at any given time.

Justice Holmes in a famous dictum observed that people ought to be allowed to say what they please as long as their words do not create "a clear and present danger" to the state. Morris Ernst, in a comment on the Communist trial (the *NR*, January 31, 1949), argued that this doctrine must now be reconsidered because the techniques of revolution in the modern world can bring about a sudden coup before anyone except the conspirators knows there is any danger. He argued for the doctrine of Justice Brandeis, who said that the overriding question is whether, in the given situation, society has a chance to counteract what is done, has the opportunity to protect itself. In a statement from the bench, Judge Medina seemed to support the Brandeis view. When the "clear-and-present-danger" argument was raised, Medina asked, "Does that mean that there is a clear and present danger of the immediate overthrow of the government? . . . It seems to me it reduces itself to an absurdity because on that theory, you couldn't punish anybody for such a conspiracy unless the government was just about to be overthrown, and then it would be too late."

At this point in the proceedings, it still seems to many liberals regrettable that the government chose to proceed under the highly dubious Smith Act instead of the General Conspiracy Statute, or, if possible, by charging the Communists with failure to register as agents of a foreign principal.

But while the moral ground of the government in this proceeding seems somewhat cloudy, the attitude which American liberals should hold toward the Communists in general is rapidly crystallizing. Just as the opinion toward Soviet Russia which the liberals maintained in 1918 is no longer valid today, so we must reëxamine the attitude toward the Communists and Communism which many still hold as a hangover from the days of the United Front, before the Stalin-Hitler pact and all the other developments of recent years. (Among those who ought to reëxamine their point of view is the Attorney General of the United States, who still damns individuals and organizations for having participated in United Front activities 15 years ago, when these activities were concerned only with entirely legitimate and proper ends.)

Not only through testimony brought out at this trial but from much other evidence, it is now clear that the aims of liberals and Communists are sharply different, and are diverging still farther. It is equally clear that when the Communists seem to support liberal causes, they frequently do so from special positions of their own, and that their support is likely to be withdrawn without notice, or be turned into an effort to do harm.

And finally, whether or not the Communist Party is technically an illegal conspiracy, there is no doubt that it partakes much more of the nature of a secret society than of a political party. Membership is not open to everybody who espouses its principles, and is withheld until after a trial period. Members of the party renounce the right to think for themselves, or to try as individuals to change party policy on any important issue. Many Communists do not admit their political sympathies, and even make false statements about them. Communists say they do this because they are likely to be penalized for their opinions. The penalties they suffer are also unjustly inflicted upon many non-Communist liberals, and arise partly from the fact that Communism in the United States is so much like a secret society.

Liberals must be careful to avoid having their own policies dictated in reverse by the Communists. The fact that the party is against measles should not lead non-Communists to campaign *for* measles. On the other hand, it is now quite clear that the non-Communist liberals must stand on their own feet, and fight solely, and without entangling alliances, for liberal ends.

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THE WEEK

TAFT HAS ONLY TO WAIT

The chances are strong that the Taft-Hartley Act will remain on the books as a 1950 campaign issue. Labor, the Administration, and the Democrats in Congress seem hopelessly divided on an acceptable substitute.

Only John L. Lewis, A. F. Whitney and President Truman appear to be sure of what they want done about the Taft-Hartley Act—repeal it with no compromises. Although Philip Murray has publicly repeated that he and the CIO "have made no secret agreements to accept oppressive amendments to the Thomas-Lesinski bill," CIO lawyers and legislative representatives are available in a Capitol Hill hotel headquarters to help Senators draft compromise amendments. Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin's staff is to be found in Capitol corridors and on the Senate floor itself working for a compromise plan for federal seizure of plants in emergency strikes, as well as other changes in the official Administration bill. President William Green frankly states that the AFL supports amendments to the bill Truman is backing because Secretary Tobin asked the AFL to do so.

A three-way split in the Senate may result in no clear-cut victory for any side in this session of the 81st Congress and seems certain to bar a decision which would be satisfactory to the White House. A little band of Administration stalwarts is standing firm for the Administration's Thomas bill, as reported by the Senate Labor Committee, which would restore the Wagner Act of 1945 "with modifications." Senator Claude Pepper (Fla.) is the ablest and most articulate of this group. Senator Taft leads the much larger body intent on preserving the spirit if not the form of the present Taft-Hartley Act.

A third force is acting on the premise that the Administration must compromise on certain politically troublesome points in the Thomas bill to get enough Southern and Republican votes to beat Taft's bill. Before debate in the Senate even opened, eight "bipartisan progressives"—Democrats Hill, Humphrey, Douglas and Withers, and Republicans Aiken, Morse, Tobey and Smith (Me.)—announced their intention of offering five such amendments: guaranteeing "free speech" to both employers and employees; requiring unions as well as employers to bargain in good faith; requiring both groups to sign non-Communist and non-Fascist oaths; obliging unions to file financial reports; empowering the federal government to seize plants involved in national-emergency strikes.

The crucial issue in the new labor legislation is the handling of national-emergency disputes. Senator Taft would authorize injunctions and/or seizure of struck plants. The Thomas bill would rely solely on the "inherent powers of the President" in such cases. The third force, seeking a middle ground, would eliminate the injunction in favor of federal seizure power, which is less offensive to labor. A week ago the middle group was solidly agreed on seizure as the answer in emergencies, but now the lines are shifting.

Senator Ives (R, N.Y.) has come forward with an even less painful alternative to the Truman no-compulsion plan: that the President be "mandated" to put any national-emergency strike up to Congress for immediate action. Either seizure or injunction might, but need not, follow. Senator Morse has already announced his preference for the Ives compromise over the seizure principle to which he was previously committed. Senator Humphrey is tending in the same direction. Others in the third force frankly admit that the Ives proposal is to be preferred, but say it is politically impractical since the Dixiecrats refuse to compromise that far.

Only Taft and John L. Lewis have carefully planned strategies. Taft is standing aside while the Democrats amend their own bill downward toward his view. When they have finished, he will take over and press for more amendments. By that time, Taft believes he will have the whole situation softened up enough so that he can put his bill through as a full substitute. Lewis is prepared to strike the moment any compromise measure comes close to passage.

With Lewis striking, other labor leaders disagreeing, Senate Democrats confused and Taft biding his time, Truman is privately convinced that if a new labor bill gets to him at all in this session, it is likely to be one he will have to veto.

PERON GOES TOO FAR

MONTEVIDEO (NR correspondent)

The recent conference of the American states which are members of the International Labor Office was held in Montevideo, Uruguay, just across the river from Buenos Aires. It was perhaps inevitable, therefore, that Peron should seize the occasion to make propaganda for the Argentine brand of fascism. But the most potent fascist dictator in the Western Hemisphere overreached himself. His propaganda was so blatant that no one could have been taken in by it. For instance:

Two delegates representing the government and one "worker delegate" had among them 33 advisers, giving Argentina much the largest delegation.

A special bus, with pictures of Juan and Eva Peron plastered all over it, was shipped from Buenos Aires for the use of the Argentine delegation. It was parked in front of the Hotel Miramar throughout the conference, although it was not needed. Most of the Argentine delegates were staying in the hotel, and the sessions were held there.

At every possible or impossible

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moment during the conference, one of the Argentines was on his feet to say that his country had solved all the problems which afflict labor in other American countries. While industrialization may not be going as fast as Peron would wish, this is entirely the fault of "foreign monopoly capital"—meaning the United States. Argentina has in her new constitution a bill of rights for workers and the aged, and her delegates promptly demanded that the ILO, at some future meeting, discuss an international document of the same character.

Only once was the rocklike unanimity of the Argentine delegation broken. A resolution was brought in attacking the mistreatment of trade-union leaders in Peru and Venezuela, where a reign of terror is in progress. An Argentine government delegate took the lead in opposing this resolution, and the worker delegate plucked up courage to support it. It was finally passed in a form so watered down as to mean practically nothing.

The delegates did not go home without having heard the other side of the Argentine story; they woke up one morning to find in their mailboxes a sweeping, anonymous condemnation of the Peron regime. Argentina has an underground, and it is on the job.

A FAKE RETREAT

The American Medical Association's move to gag Dr. Morris Fishbein is a fake retreat. For the first time since the AMA became a doctors' "closed shop" 98 years ago, national health insurance is an imminent possibility. Dr. Fishbein, a vitriolic critic of health insurance, has brought widespread criticism on the AMA through his articles and speeches. The embarrassing Dr. Fishbein has now been retired to a back seat.

The 15,000 physicians attending the annual AMA convention in Atlantic City made no effort to change the decision of the board of trustees which ordered Dr. Fishbein to "completely eliminate speaking on all controversial subjects, both by platform and by radio." One doctor attending the convention told the New York *Herald Tribune* that the action was no more than a "publicity stunt. . . . This story will be on the front page of every newspaper from coast to coast and will create the impression among the general public that the AMA has done something tremendous about acquiring a new viewpoint on problems of medical care."

There is no doubt that the AMA will continue its multi-million-dollar campaign against President Truman's health program. Clem Whitaker, $100,000-a-year press agent for the organization, announced at the convention that this year the campaign costs are expected to total $900,000. It may be 1951, he said, "before we lick this damn thing."

"You got him strung up yet, boy?"

OLD HICK'S CAMPAIGN

The Lilienthal hearings faltered into their second week with no one, except possibly Senator Hickenlooper, who is up for reëlection next year, clear as to their object or justification. Earlier excursions having landed him in a bog, Hickenlooper has now wandered off in a new direction.

His latest sensation concerned an unidentified Atomic Energy Commission employee, referred to as "Case A," who had been the subject of a 50-page FBI report. After hearings by an AEC security board, "A" was unanimously cleared and is now charged with the preparation of certain highly secret papers. Since "A" has been cleared, what Hickenlooper is triumphantly complaining about is not apparent. That is, unless he takes the view that anyone ever accused of anything, even if found innocent, should be barred forever from contact with the atom.

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Lilienthal, pale, obviously worn by tension, and with anger in his voice, pointed out that Hickenlooper had "completely identified" "A" as the person responsible for making the quarterly reports to the Joint Committee, that this violated standards of decency and fair play; and then demanded that "A" be given the chance to testify in open hearings on his own behalf. Thereupon the committee hastily retired under the umbrella of "executive session," whence, on this point at least, it has not emerged. The question to be decided is whether persons at one time involved in security matters are hereafter to be mentioned without the opportunity of rebuttal.

Senator Knowland of California provided the next interlude. The Senator wished to know about keys, combinations, safes and parking stickers—specifically the practice, with respect to these items, followed at the Argonne National Laboratory, where the seven grams of uranium disappeared. The situation was explained at length and in patient detail. Knowland was not satisfied. Having aided Hickenlooper in the discussion of "Case A" by suggesting that what the Iowan really meant was that every AEC employee should be "like Caesar's wife," he seemed to feel he should give another example of his alertness and forensic skill.

"Is it not a fact," he asked, of AEC General Manager Carol Wilson, "that you keep the combinations to the safes, where the secrets are kept, in cabinets merely locked with keys?" No, Wilson replied, the combinations to the combination safes were kept in a combination safe. "Where do you keep the combination to that safe?" asked Knowland. Wilson indicated that this reposed in the heads of certain Argonne officials, leading to the interesting speculation that the heads should be locked up.

Hickenlooper then turned to the AEC's isotope-export program. He had learned that the Commission had sent to the Norwegian Military Establishment a quantity of radioactive iron for research on metallurgical problems. This, he charged, was a violation of "the spirit and letter" of the McMahon Act, which prohibits the present exchange of "information relating to the use of atomic energy for industrial purposes." Hickenlooper admitted the amount was very small, and that the isotope-export program as a whole was unexceptionable. Still, he thought, this was an "entering wedge"—whereto and to what end, he did not say.

Senator McMahon joined Lilienthal in an attempt to explain to Hickenlooper that the Atomic Energy Act places no restriction on the export of isotopes for research purposes; Dr. Smyth of the Smyth Report, now an AEC Commissioner, attempted to explain to Senators Knowland and Millikin that the energy released by radioactive isotopes does not come within the definition of "atomic energy" as set forth in the McMahon Act. As the session ended, there was not the slightest evidence that the Republicans understood.

Altogether, the hearings continue to be a mean display of ignorance, partisanship and political acrobatics. The Commissioners sit in enforced idleness day after day. The committee Republicans snooze comfortably, each waiting for his turn to think up something bright, preferably embarrassing, to ask the witness. For the substantive aspects of Hickenlooper's bumbling presentation he is indebted to two youths who sit behind him and bob up throughout the sessions with little notes. These are Fred J. Rhodes Jr., formerly a Groves sleuth on the Manhattan District Project, and David S. Teeple, hired by Hickenlooper as an investigator for the Joint Committee and promptly fired by McMahon when he resumed the chairmanship. Both assistants have their grudges; both are serving Hickenlooper, though being paid by the government agencies where they are now employed for the performance of other duties.

The best characterization of the week came privately from a committee member: "It looks like old 'Hick' is getting ready to go back and bray up and down the state of Ioway."

OUTSIDE AMERICA

France's greatest living Catholic novelist, François Mauriac, has embarked on a crusade against another French writer who has acquired great influence in France and greater fame abroad: Jean-Paul Sartre, the founder of existentialism. More than personal issues are involved, though as always in controversies between French intellectuals and artists there are intricate ones present in this developing duel. The crusade started with an article by Mauriac in the rightist *Figaro* calling for an inquiry by young Frenchmen—"all the twenty-year-old Christians"—into a moral "confusion" created by men like Sartre "abject" enough "to make us vomit."

Its point of departure was the serial publication in the monthly magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*, directed by Sartre, of his new novel, *Death in the Soul*, and of a historical and philosophical study of the real nature of woman, *The Second Sex*, written by his disciple, Simone de Beauvoir. Both these works, in common with the other writings of the major existentialists, show the influence of two thinkers whom Mauriac finds equally hateful: Marx and Freud. As a Catholic moralist, he inveighs against what he considers Sartre's preoccupation with such subjects as despair and torture, death and sex. The work by Mme. de Beauvoir he finds even worse. Among the chapters on "Myths" about women are "Montherlant, or the Bread of Disgust," "D. H. Lawrence, or the Phallic Pride," "Claudel, or the Handmaiden of the Lord," and "Stendhal, or the Romanticism of the True." But what put Mauriac in a rage was the fact that the May issue, containing a chapter entitled "The Sexual Initiation of Woman," sold out on publication.

Sartre and Mme. de Beauvoir are of

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the political Left; Mauriac is of the political Right. The issue between Mauriac and Sartre is not between moralism and license; it is between two kinds of reformism, the Catholic variety, demanding disciplines and restraints, and the existentialist kind, calling for absolute freedom to change old and rotten patterns into new and better ones.

There is plenty of "confusion" in France today; whether or not Sartre is making it worse, he did not create it. In French circles where existentialism might be a Sanskrit word, there is preoccupation with death and despair and misery. France is in the throes of self-questioning and self-examination. Even the first-visit tourists who are now invading Paris sense and are bothered by the *malaise*. Behind the political issues which divide Frenchmen are deeper issues which make many Frenchmen divided within themselves. They are plagued with guilts about the profound decay that led to the defeat and collaboration (and which still exists). They are anxious about the future. They recognize with bitterness and resentment that their nation will not in their lifetimes again become a first-rate power, and they try to escape from their personal worries by blaming the man across the street or the man in the other party.

Here are excerpts from Mauriac's article:

Jean Cocteau confided to us on his return from Egypt that we give foreigners who feel for us "a violent love" only turnips. That was what he called the films we are sending abroad. It is true that too often we cannot without shame note the difference between what certain people hope from us and what we give them. What French author does not suffer from this? But the evil reaches a depth Cocteau has not perhaps measured: there are innocent turnips and poisoned turnips. The cinema shows only a single aspect of the French spirit.

What are we bringing today to that youth of the whole world who read our magazines and books and who pick up across space the message of Saint-Germain-des-Prés [the neighborhood on the Left Bank in Paris, long an intellectuals' center, where the existentialists have their headquarters near the Flore Café]? The phenomenon, Saint-Germain-des-Prés is not uniquely of our epoch: every twenty years the same romanticism changes its mask and haunt to give the tone to the vanguard. From the Vachette, to the Lilas, the Dome, to the Flore, we follow the trail of the same disorder and the same torment of youth which has lost Paradise. . . . These cafés on the Left Bank . . . once harbored poets, then painters, now philosophers. All races took part in this miracle, which could occur only beside a Paris sidewalk as the blood of Saint Januarius can liquefy only in Naples. I believe that what now shines out from Paris on the ruins of Europe has more significance and gravity than at any other epoch.

Mauriac then quotes from a letter he received from one of many twenty-year-olds who have written him. The youth writes:

The Saint-Germain-des-Prés of today is only the pale reflection of the 1920 of which Henry Miller assures the posthumous success. The recourse to surrealism, the cult of André Breton, the pacifist or revolutionary declamations, the snobbism of the amoral and the abnormal, all this seems strangely naïve. Moral order has been so discredited that Catholics no longer dare say anything on this subject. . . . The generation of the forty-year-olds—Sartre, Mounier—does not represent us: they are intellectuals deviated by politics . . . without family, without party, without nation, without morals. . . . Today the political factor condemns the spirit to sterility. To the too real collusion of the Catholic Church and the Right . . . there answers among the best of the young Christians a similar collusion with regard to Marxism.

Then Mauriac attacks:

We have literally reached the limits of the abject. It is the ipecac we were made to take as children to make us vomit. [Mauriac is referring to recent books by Frenchmen of the Sartre school.] Perhaps we have reached the moment of the final nausea, the one that relieves us. . . . There is no question of making war against great, daring works, nor against poetry which transfigures and purifies: man's nature must be known and we must carry torches into the dark depths. But the abject is never beautiful. Has the subject of Mme. Simone de Beauvoir, "The Sexual Initiation of Woman," a proper place in the contents of a grave philosophical and literary review? Do the Marquis de Sade and his emulators belong in psychiatry or in literature? Are we not here the victims of a misunderstanding, of a confusion exploited by the directors of the modern conscience who are obedient to a preconceived plan?

From the political viewpoint, the last sentence is the most important, for it reflects a growing tendency in France, almost hysterical in essence, to look for outside, occult explanations for the tragedy of France's present emotional situation. The notion of Sartre and his followers obeying the orders of some Muscovite literary equivalent of the Protocols of Zion is a symptom of the malady for which Mauriac blames the existentialists. It is to be noted, incidentally, that Sartre was the organizer and leading figure in the anti-Communist International Day of Resistance to Dictatorship and War.

Mauriac and the rightists are not the only seekers after obscure explanations of France's moral troubles. A major figure in the Sûreté Nationale (the central police force), a leftist in politics, told me that the Communists are now carrying out an "intoxication plan," a deliberate, fiendish, more than Machiavellian effort to poison the "spirits of Frenchmen." Again it must seem to an outsider who has known France for thirty years that the cart is being put before the horse: the Communists might increase, but they do not create, the intoxication. A short time ago the police discovered a plot to overthrow the French Republic; the men arrested included army officers and elected political officials, all of them linked with Charles de Gaulle's Rally of the French People. The rightist newspaper, *Le Monde*, called the men "maniacs of conspiracy" who were "obsessed by the specter of Communism."

An American finds it hard to link with the Muscovite "poisoners" of the "modern conscience" these rightist reactionary putschists. But to complete the picture of France on the fifth anniversary of the Normandy landings, it should be noted that the same high official of the Sûreté Nationale expressed the opinion that the Kremlin was subsidizing the rightist insurrectionaries.

PERCY WINNER

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MURDER ON THIRTY-FIFTH STREET

by Bruce Bliven

NUMBER 224 West Thirty-fifth Street, New York City, is in the heart of the garment district, where huge, square-shouldered trucks line both curbs all day long. In fair weather, portable racks of women's clothes block the sidewalks and splash their brilliant colors against the tan and dirty white of the office buildings. Talkative, cheerful knots of garment workers gather in the doorways for a breath of air and five minutes' gossip.

Number 224 is a loft building, with a ladder of painted wooden signs hung by the door, giving the names of a dozen firms that are quartered within. As you enter the tiny lobby, the cigar stand is on the left, and to the right are two telephone booths.

On the sunny afternoon of May 9, 1949, a short, slender young man walked quickly into this lobby. His blond hair curled slightly; the military look of his close-clipped mustache was belied by his friendly, sensitive, poet's face. With a smile and a word for the cigar clerk lounging behind his stacks of newspapers, he entered the first telephone booth, fishing in his pocket for a nickel as he did so. But the call was never completed. A moment later three tough-looking characters came in together from the street. While two of them stood watch, the third jerked open the door of the booth, and when its occupant turned to see what was happening, snatched out a long-bladed knife and struck it deep into his chest. As he slumped to the floor, half in and half out of the booth, bright arterial blood spilling upon the stone floor, the three ran out again. (They are still at liberty as this is written, despite a $25,000 reward and the best efforts of 110 detectives.) A few hours later, the victim died in the emergency ward at St. Vincent's Hospital, 24 blocks down Seventh Avenue.

Who killed this young man, and why? It is quite a story.

We begin twenty-five years ago in Chicago, where Max Lurye lived with his wife and seven children in the sprawling, crowded tenement district of the South Side. He earned his living as he could; at one time he had been a cigar maker, and helped Sam Gompers organize that trade into the union which was to spearhead the formation of the mighty AFL. Later he was in the junk business. But first, last and always, he was a loyal union man, believing in honest unions honestly run.

These were the days when Al Capone and his lieutenants were the kings of Chicago, terrorizing businessmen, bribing police, dictating to judges on the bench and to city officials. Max Lurye was not afraid to stand up to the gangsters. On one occasion Lefty Louie called a meeting of the junk dealers and presided, using a revolver as a gavel. "We're going to take over the junk trade," Lefty announced. "We're going to protect you." In the dismayed silence, his eyes swept the room. "Anybody got anything to say about it?"

"Yes, I have," said Lurye, and went on to demand that the gangsters let the honest businessmen alone.

Lefty Louie's answer was two subsequent attempts to kill his opponent. On one occasion, Lurye and a friend were standing on the street corner chatting, when a sedan roared by. A sawed-off shotgun was fired out the window; the friend was killed, Lurye was wounded, but recovered. Later, as he was driving his junk truck, a car went by him and a machine-gunner shot him three times in the abdomen. Again he survived. He was to live until May 18 of this year when he died, almost literally, of a broken heart. For the young man who had been murdered nine days earlier on West Thirty-fifth Street was his son.

William Lurye was brought up to hate rackets and to believe in unions. When the family came to New York it was not surprising that he should have become active in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, one of the most ably led, advanced unions in the country, and one which hates racketeering as much as did the Luryes. William Lurye was a presser by trade; but because he believed in the union, he often gave up his own work to act as organizer for the ILGW, or to join the plodding picket line outside the place of business of some open-shop operator.

He had married a childhood sweetheart from Chicago, and brought her to live on Alabama Street in the Brownsville district in Brooklyn, a crowded, noisy tenement area, where the Luryes and their growing family of four boys (their ages are now six to sixteen) filled to overflowing the little walkup apartment which was all he could afford. When Mrs. Lurye developed tuberculosis and had to go away for a long rest in a sanitarium, William managed somehow to be both father and mother to his growing family.

His recreations were few, simple and in accord with his modest income. He liked to go driving in the coun-

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try in his small car on Sundays, or to take his family to Coney, or the movies. Most of all he loved to sit and talk with his friends. With his good looks, flashing smile and friendly charm he had lots of them. No one who had known him was able to speak to me about him without emotion.

The garment trade in New York has grown up the hard way. Its foundations are in the sweatshops of two generations ago, when masses of European immigrants, dumped into New York by the steamship companies, lived and worked on the lower East Side, crowded into airless tenement rooms. Some of the men who at first bent over a sewing machine or a cutting table in the tenements fought their way up until they had factories of their own; they were often as coldbloodedly merciless to their workers as earlier *padrones* had been to them. While much of the industry has been, as someone has said, "civilized by the union," the fringes are still a welter of shady deals, sharp practice, stealing ideas, dog eat dog.

Into this anarchy, years ago, came the ILGWU; little by little, through a series of heroic, savage battles, the union came to dominate the great majority of the important shops. But the struggle did not end when this position was attained. New figures constantly arose in the industry who wanted to return to sweatshop days. And a few years ago there began the particularly vexing problem of "runaway plants."

New York workers have by now been pretty well educated to the value of the union; but there are plenty of potential workers in towns and small cities within a couple of hundred miles of New York—in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, upstate New York, Connecticut —who are forced by poverty to take open-shop jobs at open-shop wages. Accordingly, New York employers began setting up operations in these towns. As a rule, the cutting of garments stayed in New York; cutting is a highly skilled operation, which requires training. What was moved out was the sewing of the dresses after they are cut. Then the finished garments are sent back to New York, again to be shipped to stores all over the country, still with the magical New York imprint.

Oddly enough, the trucking firms which carried the cloth from New York and brought back the finished garments came to play an important role. Trucking is one of the roughest and toughest of industries, and the truckers did not mind getting into a fight. Not only did they go to manufacturers or jobbers and persuade them to have their sewing done open-shop, out in the country, but they actually built factories, in some cases, and then found dress-trade operators to fill them.

The ILGWU, of course, fought the runaway firms, but it was hampered by the fact that these operations are hard to trace. Goods going from New York to a fugitive shop do not travel the whole distance in one truck. They go to a nearby point such as Newark where there is a "drop," for sorting and forwarding. There the cargoes are reassembled and put on board a different set of trucks for the rest of the trip.

Still, there was plenty of evidence that certain firms were engaged in runaway open-shop operations. The ILGWU therefore called strikes of its own members in the New York headquarters of these shops—in the cutting rooms, for example—and put picket lines out in the street. The open-shop operators retaliated with tactics which at first were very effective. They got the truck drivers employed by the open-shop master truckmen, plus some other strong-arm men, to move in on the pickets and beat them up.

About 85 percent of the union employees in the dress industry are women, and the 15 percent who are men are for the most part elderly; the garment trade has not been able to hold its young men in recent years; much of the work is now done by women.

The union men were in danger of being driven off the street, when the ILGWU resorted to tactics which have been used on many other occasions by many other unions: they invited some of the rank-and-file members of the Seafarers' Union to join the picket lines. Sailors are just as tough as truck drivers; the picket lines stayed on the streets. The struggle is still in progress, but the union appears to be winning. Agreements have been reached with the trucking associations that they will not handle hot cargo; and three-quarters of the dress factories which have been targets in the current drive have now been signed up.

So now we come back to William Lurye, the handsome young man who left his work as a presser to help in the organizing job. He was in charge of the pickets for the union; he called strikes when the union decided it was necessary. On the day he was killed, he had done this in several firms in the building whose lobby was the scene of his death.

Who killed him? I don't know. I do know, however, that nobody had any interest in his death except an open-shop manufacturer or a scab truckman working with such a manufacturer. The man who wielded the knife might have been any hood out of any gang mob, paid $200 and given a few reefers before he did the job. There was nothing high-minded about this murder, you may be sure; no politics; no personal motivation. Somebody just cared more for some stinking money than he did for a man's life; and so they murdered him.

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THE NEW TASK IN GERMANY

by James Stewart Martin

ON TUESDAY, May 17, 1949, General Lucius D. Clay returned home triumphant from the new Trizonal Germany. He had left that newly unified portion of the former Third Reich a land restored to third place in European economic potential, and advanced to first place in combined direct relief and ECA grants; a country which, while receiving billions in American dollars, has promised to other countries as reparations a total of only $178 million in external assets and $203 million in industrial plants, the latter amount now subject to reduction in a move to retain plants in Germany.

General Clay left a land whose citizens are increasingly cynical about democracy, many going so far as to conceal past records of anti-Nazi activities, more and more of them openly espousing a militant nationalism. He left a country where, by accidents of history, a few of the industrialists responsible for financing Hitler were given prison terms, but where a greater number, equally guilty, got key jobs in control of the new economy.

This is not what we asked for. It is what we got. We had better decide soon whether we like what we have, because in a short time we are going to be stuck with it.

In the next months we will witness the change-over in Germany from four years of Military Government to an era of Allied civilian observation of a new German government of Trizonia. Once a German government takes hold and the occupying powers relegate themselves to the spectators' bench, the day of basic reforms or drastic changes from our side will have passed. The appointment of John J. McCloy, lawyer of the Chase Bank group, to be the new Civilian High Commissioner, and the prospect of outwardly sweeping changes in American personnel and in the pattern of administration offer an occasion of reassessment.

The job facing a civilian high commissioner will above all demand statesmanship. It cannot be rated as a job for a general or an investment banker as such. If the appointment of McCloy is confirmed, it must be assumed that those who vote for confirmation believe him to have the necessary qualities of statesmanship.

For a statesman, the prospects and possibilities in Germany are not all bad. Plans and policies were restated in a revised directive approved by President Truman on July 15, 1947. This policy directive took account of the many changes that had occurred in the first two years of occupation. As a document, it is surprisingly good; and the new high commissioner could do a great deal just by swinging his organization behind the official directive. Unfortunately, that may not be easy. Policy squabbles and the organization Clay has left behind him—an organization disposed toward Germany-first—must be straightened out before there can be a return to first principles.

Aside from international troubles, the years of Military Government were marked by violent internal storms, mostly generated by disagreement between AMG and Washington over economic policies; and by an unnatural calm in such areas as education and social reform, where not the actions but the omissions of Military Government made trouble. The High Commissioner may step into a first-class policy battle, based on the false premise that recovery and reform must exclude one another. Even the Ferguson committee report on cartels which ripped into the pet theme of the Germany-first group, that any effort to eliminate the excessive concentration of power in the German economy would delay recovery, has not ended this kind of thinking.

That report, submitted to the Department of the Army on April 15, 1949, by the three-man investigating committee (Federal Trade Commissioner Garland S. Ferguson, chairman; Samuel S. Isseks, the Attorney General's representative; and A. T. Kearny, ECA representative), exploded as a middle-weight bombshell on April 29 despite a press release designed to make it sound like a vindication of Military Government's "hands-off" policy on the cartel system. The Ferguson committee "found no support for the proposition that deconcentration procedures would interfere when carried out along the lines of a sound policy." The report found that the official policy, which had remained unchanged throughout the occupation, was sound and ought to have been energetically enforced. Military Government simply had failed to carry it out. The decision to vest the high commissioner with power over ECA matters in Germany will not prevent industrial advisers in ECA from advocating "recovery" measures of a type that will collide with necessary reform.

Throughout the first four years of the occupation the course of Military Government's behavior on reforms has been an unusually accurate weathervane for the economic program as a whole. Some "recovery" measures have delayed both recovery and reform. Previous issues of the *New Republic* have raised storm warnings

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over Military Government's complacency in allowing the economic advisers to throw the weight of recovery efforts behind the cartel-dominated heavy industries, thereby frustrating the recovery and development of light or consumer-goods industries in the Western zones. For this reason it was no surprise to read in the *Wall Street Journal* for May 16, 1949, of the sudden "Paradox in Trizonia." As the headlines put it, "West German Industries Boost Output, But Dip Hits Consumer Goods. Unemployment Rises, Retail Sales Fall; Steel and Coal Producers Top Targets."

It has been clear from the beginning that the lack of balance between heavy and light industry in Germany was going to prove the biggest single stumbling block in the way of a sensible, as well as peaceful, solution of a European economic problem that dates back at least to World War I. From the outset, General Clay's economic advisers allowed the managerial groups who ran the Hitler economy to exploit their holdup value and to set the conditions under which they would coöperate with Military Government. Despite Military Government's almost absolute authority, General Clay's policy of turning the important reform measures over to "the Germans themselves" tied our hands and enabled the German old guard to rebuild a system in which their own services would be considered essential.

The reappearance of Hermann J. Abs, formerly of the Deutsche Bank, in his new capacity as deputy chairman of the Reconstruction Loan Corporation under the German Bizonal Economic Administration, is only one of many cases where important valves in the new economic pipeline system have come under the control of the old operators. In 1945, Abs and other heads of the Deutsche Bank were kicked out, and the Deutsche Bank itself was dissolved by the Finance Division of Military Government, because of the bank's big role in the rise of Hitler.

Quite aside from policy squabbles, it will be no simple matter for McCloy to clean up the organization he is inheriting. Too many booby-traps are already in evidence. A man thoroughly determined to correct the previous defaults and mistakes of Military Government would, by best estimates, be in office about three weeks before he was completely submerged in the sea of troubles already prepared for him by the existing organization. That organization has built itself into its present shape and manufactured its own policies through four years of suppressing, weeding out, freezing out, frustrating and discharging practically everyone who gave any active support to occupation policies as written by Washington.

The Military Government organization in Germany had been completely overhauled from the inside, between November, 1946, and November, 1948, in the expectation of a Dewey Administration. Trying to make it perform now in the service of Peace, the Fair Deal and the Brave New World will be like trying to make waffles on a turret lathe.

What then are the prospects of a new economic policy for Germany? Granted that a lot of water has gone over the dam in four years, that many conditions have changed, that many things which could have been shifted about in 1945 have now become permanently rooted, what might be done, ideally, by a new civilian high commissioner who came in with a stock of new brooms?

There has been no lack of specific plans and proposals for treatment of German problems. But all the current crop is subject to the overriding criticism that we have not established firm agreement among ourselves on final objectives. No system guarantees its own success. It is not enough to say we want a "democratic" economy in Germany. Military Government has found it convenient, in certain cases where control over the German industrial brass was clearly essential, to plead that it would be "undemocratic" to "dictate" to the Germans. In other cases, the needs of a working democracy have been blandly ignored, and Military Government has intervened "to save the American taxpayer's money."

Assuming the new High Commission starts with the objective of establishing a democratic economy in Germany and not merely establishing certain forms of voting and office-holding, several general principles must be preserved no matter what particular schemes may be adopted. Here are a few of them:

1. Forget the idea that reorganization of the ownership and control of German finance and industry, especially the Ruhr industry, will cause German "irredentism."

German nationalism produces a great drive for horizontal or geographical unification of Germany, a drive that will scarcely be stopped by splitting off Trizonal Germany into a separate Western German federal republic. Germany is not by any means unified vertically under the leadership of the industrialists who controlled the heavy combines and the banks. To see a threat of irredentism growing out of changes in the control of the Ruhr industry is to ignore the fact that German labor, by and large, and most other segments of the German population, regardless of previous Nazi affiliation, waste no love on the top Ruhr industrialists. The proposal to extend the area of international control by including the industries of neighboring countries,

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and to give these same German industrialists a voice in international management as a way of avoiding "irredentism," would only discourage the few democratic elements in German labor.

2. Revise the balance between heavy and light industries in Germany to accord with the needs of a balanced economy for Europe as a whole.

Two of the biggest mistakes under Military Government were: (a) looking at Germany exclusively and shaping economic policies to reduce costs there as quickly as possible, regardless of the effect on other nations of Europe; and (b) rebuilding Germany along the old lines, to avoid collision with previously established business interests. When the US assumed responsibility under the Marshall Plan to underwrite the recovery of all Western Europe, the shortsighted Germany-first policy of Military Government no longer made any sense at all. And with the American public spending billions to bolster the European economy, protection of a few hundred millions in private investments in Germany at the expense of the whole plan amounts to sabotage.

3. Face up to the fact that necessary changes in the economic balance of Germany will bring protests from the business groups in the United States that are affected.

A rapprochement among top American, British and German interests after World War I, working through international cartel agreements and other devices, established Germany as the major European exporter of heavy equipment and made other European countries dependent on Germany for capital equipment. To correct this unbalance while maintaining full employment in Germany means greater concentration on building up light industries. This means that countries like the United States must be willing to import products of light and consumer-goods industries. The first attempts in this direction brought screams from American business that new imports would cause unemployment here. The proper answer is not the restrictive one of excluding German products. Ability of American consumers to purchase must instead be increased, to absorb both the domestic and the imported production.

4. Get rid of the "autarchy" principle.

Prewar Germany, whose natural resources included only coal, potash and forests, tried to produce synthetically at high cost all the items needed for the economy, in peace and in war. In addition, continued currency restrictions in Europe have driven most European countries toward an economy of self-sufficiency. German autarchy wasted prodigious amounts of coal to make synthetically the kinds of products that tropical sunshine and vegetation produce naturally in other parts of the world. Continuing autarchy, while it may reduce slightly the current year's burden on the American taxpayer, will build an economy that is permanently costly and permanently dependent on trade restrictions, tariffs, exchange controls, or other expensive protective devices. The only way out in the long run is to adopt a functionally sound scheme in the first place. The prospects for an autarchy program do not improve with age.

5. Resist the centralization of power.

The principle of organizing a federal government to take the place of a loose confederation of sovereign states was the great political invention of the eighteenth century. It made possible the modern federal republic, combining the advantages of great geographical extent with the preservation of individual freedom. This federal principle has equally valid application to the organization of a national economy. In the United States, a corporate giant like General Motors approximates a federal organization of separate firms making different automobiles, in contrast with the centralized organization of a company like US Steel, dominated by a full-fledged bureaucracy centered in its Pittsburgh office.

Under Military Government, application of the federal principle to economic organization was not only directed by official policies, but was practically demanded by the existing division of Germany into zones and the grave difficulties of transport and communication. Instead, on the specious claim that a centralized bureaucracy will be an asset in the event of a future decision to socialize industry, a complex system of licensing and other restrictions has been set up in the bizonal agencies at Frankfurt with the help of pfennig-a-month men from the old Big Six banks and the top industrial combines.

Attempting to maintain centralized bureaucratic control, with detailed management decisions from the top, has kept control in the hands of a few, at the cost of frustration and inefficient production. Despite daily evidence of this fact, General Clay's economic advisers resisted decentralization in practice, and pressed constantly for tightly centralized control over economic details. An honest study would show tremendous opportunities for delegation of powers, which would distribute responsibility more widely, while releasing productive energies which in the past have been stymied by licensing arrangements and other red tape.

6. Face the need for new and younger technicians and industrial plant supervisors.

Instead of trying to keep the old management personnel, along with their habitual preferences in eco-

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nomic organization, Military Government should have recognized that the "old experienced management" is not only 10 years older than it was when direct economic dealings were broken off between Germany and Britain in 1939. Those who survived either had agreed with Hitler in the first place, or had learned to do so in the 12 years of Nazi power. The attempt, begun in 1945, to teach the old dogs new tricks of democratic economic organization was quixotic in prospect and is a flop in retrospect.

7. Place more reliance on laws and general rules, less on individuals and personal whims.

The concept of centralized rule from the top by a small clique of uninhibited and "able" men is fast becoming a fixed characteristic of our age. John Marshall's dictum that ours is a government of laws, not of men, may have been starry-eyed in one way, but this current practice, running in the opposite direction, is bleary-eyed. From the beginning of the occupation, Germany has had need of both economic and political guideposts, with a clear statement of what thou shalt and shalt not do. Instead, the Germans got Military Government administrators vested with almost unlimited discretionary powers, and endowed with practically no idea of what is meant by the rule of law.

These seven points of policy are not exhaustive, but they may provide some basis for measuring gains and losses when the results of the present meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers become apparent. Military Goverment sold part of our birthright three years ago by abandoning the federal principle and working with the British for economic centralization. Now that the Russians have espoused centralism, our negotiators face some of their own guns in trying to readopt decentralization.

We need something better than mere jumping to the other side of any fence from the Russians. Too many clashes with the Soviets have already provided the occasion for counter moves that "happened" to preserve the trusts, to reinstall Nazis in powerful positions, and to pave the way for new cartel-like arrangements.

The new high commissioner can show where he stands by the changes he makes in the American organization in Germany. If he falls down on the job, we may have lost our opportunity for peace.

PROGRESS AT PARIS

by Percy Winner

THE ATTITUDE of a French king toward power has a certain relevance to what has been going on these last few weeks in a pseudo-palace built here a half-century ago by a daughter of the not unpowerful American Gould dynasty. When Henri Quatre changed his religion in order to win France, he explained that Paris was worth a mass. And although Harry Truman and Joseph Stalin, who have more power than the Fourth Henry ever dreamed of, wouldn't change their political creeds in order to win Germany, apparently both of them thought Berlin was worth at least a conference. The meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in the Gould-built Palace of Pink Marble might have made a start toward settling the problem of Germany, but because neither the White House nor the Kremlin would go quite far enough toward compromise, it turned out to be a preliminary trial of whether diplomacy can replace the Cold War. Nevertheless, and not entirely paradoxically, it was also a conference on the future of Europe, indeed of the world.

In its atmosphere and in the quality of its implied intentions if not in the quantity of its concrete achievements, this seventh meeting of the Big Four foreign ministers was the first since the start of the Cold War that could be considered a kind of peace conference. The frigid, careful politeness with which it began became almost cordiality—a far cry from the meetings at Moscow and London. And the willingness of the Americans and Russians to make a shift from dangerous bluster to difficult diplomacy changed from rumor to reality.

Andrei Vishinsky wanted from the very first days to make the discussions what they in fact became only after nearly a fortnight of flexing of ideological muscles and posturings for the distant galleries of uncompromising elements of diehard opinion in both West and East. He wanted to get down to business at once; to subordinate long-term ideology to immediate practicality; politics to economics. Dean Acheson insisted on big talk about big—and at the moment unrealizable—principles, but though he did most of the talking for the Westerners, the insistence on so much bidding for the galleries, hence the main reason for the tactic of delay, came from Ernest Bevin. From time to time Robert

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Schuman, who probably knows more about the German problem than the other three put together, contributed a scrap of lucidity; for the most part his role was that of the perfect host in the best Parisian diplomatic manner.

There has seldom been a nominally four-sided meeting quite as two-sided as this one, though only implicitly during the early three-v.-one phase when the pessimists (whom Moscow would call wreckers) were having a carnival. It is significant that when this real division of power became explicit, when Acheson spoke up for himself and not jointly with his two Western colleagues, the real work began and the pessimists had to fall back. The break came when the American Secretary of State brought out his proposal on the Berlin situation and when the meetings went behind closed doors—that is, when the press briefing sessions through which the world had been informed (and in detail) were discontinued. Only then, with the links to diehard opinion temporarily severed, did the delegates of the world's only two great powers get down to the business of considering seriously another clause in the unwritten but real armistice of the giants.

If Vishinsky had had his way, the delegates would have from the beginning been looking forward, instead of backward toward the worst of the Cold War. This isn't to say that the lawyer who represents the Soviets didn't do his share of the time-wasting tub-thumping; it is to say that he showed an unmistakable willingness to dispense with it long before the tenth session. Though many outsiders, especially the British Tories and the American military-minded crowd, pounced upon the Russian's proposals as "turning back the clock," there was more in them than merely "Back to Potsdam." They amounted to what the French call *reculer pour mieux sauter*, to getting a fresh start from the pre-Cold War, post-Postdam period. There was a plain suggestion in them that since any effort to bring about German political unity at this time would be done to death in the no man's land between the rigidly crystallized ideologies of West and East, the task of this conference should be to achieve some sort of economic coöperation between Western and Eastern Germany, hence by extension between Western and Eastern Europe.

It is quite true that Vishinsky called for setting up once more the old and ineffective machinery of four-power control. This was obviously a backward step. But Vishinsky also favored the creation of an all-German state council in which representatives from all the occupation zones would coördinate the activities of the various German economic agencies. This was on the other hand a potentially forward step. If the two parts of a politically divided Germany could coöperate openly on the economic level, not only Germany but Europe would profit—the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe estimates the value of exchanges between Western and Eastern Germany at about $1 billion in 1936.

But Acheson, prodded behind the scenes by Bevin, insisted on ideology and politics; and, conscious of the attitudes in the Pentagon Building, he let himself be guided by the factor which the military men call security, though he seldom mentioned the word. He might have been talking through the microphone of a world radio network, for he addressed himself less to Vishinsky than to "anti-appeasement, keep-tough" opinion in the West, especially to the Western German politicians who have set up a regime of paper democracy at Bonn. In reality, the three-delegate "On to Bonn" counter-proposal meant on to nowhere. It was in Russian terms a *diktat* precisely because it was the usual three against one. Moreover, it contained no concessions to the Soviet bid to do business on an economic level.

At the end of the second week it looked as if the Westerners were throwing away an opportunity to get a limited but practical useful agreement. They seemed so confident of their strength (as shown by Moscow's lifting of the Berlin blockade) and so eager to exploit the East's weakness (as shown by Moscow's request for this meeting) that they would settle for nothing less than a Stalinite Canossa. This was the Truman Doctrine line, the attitude of the Truman Inaugural address. The Kremlin had its choice: either Bonn, Western dominance in all Germany, majority rather than unanimity among the Big Four; or nothing. Vishinsky at once mounted an ideological high horse. Talking to *his* public, to *his* Germany, he spouted propagandistically the virtues of *his* German "government"—the All-German People's Congress, hastily brought into being in Berlin to act as a counterweight to Bonn. He was all for *his* kind of German unity, called federalism an invitation to separatism and dismemberment, and rang the changes on all the old arguments.

Charles "Chip" Bohlen rather gleefully commented that it sounded like old times. And in a sense somewhat different from the one Bohlen intended, it was old times. The conference was neither going on to Bonn nor back to Potsdam: it was bogged down in the Ruhr; the security cat was out of the bag. Vishinsky had plunged into the political-ideological argument because Acheson had turned aside without a straight answer the one part of the Russian proposals that meant most to Moscow: this was the one that made economic co-

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operation at least obliquely contingent on the Soviet's getting some share in the Ruhr.

The answers to the big questions of the first week seemed clear: the Russians were not willing to pay a big enough political price for the economic prize of a hand in the Ruhr; the Americans were still too dominated by Pentagon thinking and too little by US economic indices to think of a "limited" agreement on the Ruhr. Nevertheless, this was not the end of the conference's road. Both Moscow and Washington wanted a positive result from this gathering, Moscow more than Washington because Russia's economic needs are of today, here and now, while America's economic difficulties are only on the horizon.

Incidentally, a statement which Bevin made at the start of the second week about the British attitude toward the Ruhr came close to touching the core of the real conflict between the Westerners and the Soviets. There are two versions of this statement, a paraphrase given out at the American briefing session, and the original as contained in the stenographic minutes of the ministers' meeting on May 30. In the paraphrased version Bevin said that it would take a lack of a sense of humor to accuse capitalist America and socialist Britain of an unholy alliance to take over Germany's industries. But the original version read:

> Now with regard to the industrial enterprises. . . . We have been accused pretty frequently, but the accusation lacks a sense of humor, that there is an unholy alliance between the capitalists of America and Great Britain to gobble up all the institutions of Germany. I am afraid it is not very realistic. . . . My country has not touched a single industry in the Western zone at all. . . . Taking over for British industries, it is just not true, and I have never heard of the other Allies doing it either. . . . What we are after is viability and letting the Germans be masters in their own house.

Obviously the Russians lack a sense of humor. But there are plenty of Americans who, having read such documents as the Ferguson committee report, wouldn't split their sides laughing at the notion of Anglo-American—especially American—capitalist gobbling in Germany. Moreover, the difference between the paraphrased and the original version isn't amusing either. While it is true that the government of Great Britain is more or less socialist, at least in domestic affairs, its foreign ministers did not refer to it as such: the word socialist is not in the stenographic record. Nor was there any mention at the briefing session of Bevin's "letting the Germans be master in their own house." Both the interpolation and the omission have a bearing on why the conference bogged down in its early phase.

For if anything even faintly resembling what socialism stands for (if American capitalists were not pretty much in control) were to play a part in the mastery of the Ruhr and the Rhineland, the Soviets' paranoid anxiety about the possible use against them of these areas' industrial and military potential might conceivably be lessened. If the Westerners were merely amused by accusations that their professions of faith in German political democracy cloaked a willingness to be served by German nationalist reactionaries in Hitler's (and the Kaiser's) arsenal, then they might permit Soviet observers in the Ruhr in exchange for Western observers in Eastern Germany.

The day after Bevin made his statement here, Major General George P. Hays, American Deputy Military Governor, briefed the American press in Frankfurt. He said the privately owned German match monopoly wouldn't be decartelized because the British "think it is a good outfit." He also said that though a start would be made toward breaking up the huge I. G. Farbenindustrie cartel, it had not been decided whether American capitalists would be allowed to bid for the unit that is to be put on the public market. After three years of the Clay regime, the monstrous I. G. cartel is still substantially intact, operated by Germans who ran it under Hitler. Now in the post-Clay regime, Americans probably will take over for private business. No unholy alliance, no gobbling—only realism and the victory of American big business which, having an excellent sense of humor, can laugh off the political implications.

There were excellent reasons why both the Russians and the Americans (the Russians more than the Americans) wanted some limited achievement from this meeting. These are both practical and psychological. Steps are already being taken to lift the economic Iron Curtain between Western and Eastern Europe; they were taken before the Berlin blockade was lifted—as a matter of fact they constitute one of the reasons for that apparently unrelated feat of conciliation. Psychologically, public opinion must be prepared for these steps; practically, they must if possible be facilitated by a limited agreement here. Apparently the American desire was to have the agreement in little rather than in large—in Berlin rather than in Germany. In the long run, however, whatever is done here will have large effects, for the Berlin deal involves really free traffic from the West through Berlin to the East.

It also involves, though perhaps not immediately, settlement of the currency question: much of the coming big trade dealings will be in barter but some will be in money, and an accepted medium of exchange

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is necessary. In this sense, Berlin means Europe. (Not incidentally, cabinet ministers of eight Marshall Plan countries have also been meeting here to try to free intra-European trade from the restraints of bilateralism and a rigid system of payments. And in this meeting the conflict between the Americans and the British are out in the open, the Americans wanting freer trade and a more flexible arrangement of payments.)

There appears to be some peculiarity in the American pattern of official thinking which makes it possible to subordinate an essentially political issue (ratification by Congress of the North Atlantic Pact) to an economic issue (the adoption of new labor legislation) in Washington, but doesn't permit the same scale of values to prevail at a Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris. Or at least the difference makes it necessary to hide the balance of values behind a political screen. It was a political element in the original Vishinsky proposals that Acheson picked up in making his own proposal about Berlin—the Russian had said his country would be willing to hold new Berlin city elections under four-power control, despite the fact that elections had just been held in the Soviet zone and in the Soviet sector of Berlin.

This became the point of departure for the affirmative phase of the conference. After blaming the Russians for "turning back the clock" on the Potsdam issue, the Americans called for going back to 1946 on the Berlin issue. Still, what is important is that the Russians were willing to talk of going halfway back to Potsdam, and a deal on majority v. unanimity became conceivable. It can be taken for granted that before the Council of Foreign Ministers meets again, possibly in Washington in November, the economic aspects of the Berlin political arrangements will have come out into the open. Well before then the American economy will be grappling with the problem of surpluses rather than with that of shortages; not only will European West-East trade be well under way, but the Department of Commerce may have revised its Positive List of the "strategic materials" which can't be exported from the United States to Eastern Europe without licenses which thus far have not been granted. By then the Berlin arrangement will have become the substance as well as the symbol of a new kind of limited conciliation, and the way will have been opened to what was premature here.

The more realistic elements in the American government, the anti-cartelist Fair Dealers, and also the Harriman-Bruce group here and in Geneva, have calculated the security risks in West-East limited economic coöperation, and decided that they can be taken. They find this sort of coöperation the necessary complement to the political arrangements implicit in the Atlantic Pact. But for the present these elements are not strong enough to block the military-minded men of the Pentagon and their cartelist allies in New York and London. Hence, the question of the Ruhr, with its implication of "strategic" industrial products routed eastward, will stalemate direct open economic cooperation between West and East in all of Germany. This means a slow pace toward progress but it does not mean the absence of progress; it means political and military insurance against possible Soviet aggression but it does not rule out a gradual change from the absurd and dangerous economics of the last three years. Among the favorable possibilities is that the Harriman-Bruce team will win their point of having really war-useful materials such as steel, machine tools, ball bearings, etc., exported to the East on a "volume-control" basis, and with some sort of guarantees against their being stockpiled.

These, however, are technical matters. What is important is that economic coöperation will gradually get under way but without the political yielding and the fanfare of publicity that would have accompanied a major deal at this conference. We shall do privately or semi-publicly what we have said publicly we would never, never do because it would be against our ideals, principles and morals. We will do it because it both makes sense and is safe—perhaps the best kind of safety. For the present, we will keep the Russians out of the Ruhr; but while *our* Germans are maintaining the area as our industrial-military backstop in Europe, we will allow the Russians to get much the same sort of materials as they would have obtained from the Ruhr.

Why? The answer is simple. We have found out we can't indefinitely both provide the dollars to keep Germany going until it is on its economic feet, and also to stake Europe economically and militarily; we can't indefinitely try to build up a Western European economy without trade to the East, and yet with room for the products of both German and Western European economy. Unless we permit West-East trade, we must continue ECA well after 1952 or see Western Europe collapse economically.

The price for this kind of containment of Communism is beyond our capacity to pay. The other alternative is a calculated risk we can afford. It amounts to political and military help—plus continuing financial help—to the West sufficient to counterbalance any economic (and military) strengthening that may derive from the armistice of the giants.

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Guilt by Non-Association*

THE SMEARERS now have apparently thrown off all restraint. Not satisfied with their crude concept of "guilt by association," they have gone a step further to "guilt" by non-association. Dr. Ruth Gruber's name has been improperly dragged into the Judith Coplon case. The inference was that, in some mysterious fashion, Dr. Gruber was involved, even though she had never met, or even seen, the lady in question.

It would be improper to comment on this case, even if I had any comments. It is pending before a court and jury and they must be permitted to arrive at a judgment free from the prejudices and pressures even of those who, although pretending the contrary, in their hearts have no respect for the judicial process or fair play.

There was offered in evidence, according to the New York *Herald Tribune* of June 1, "a secret Federal Bureau of Investigation data slip, citing a woman aide of former Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes as a reported Soviet 'contact'." The story continued, "In March, 1946, subject [Miss Ursula Wasserman] had in her address book the name of Ruth Gruber. Gruber has been reported to have been a contact of F. A. Garanin of the Soviet Embassy, Washington."

This important "evidence," proving nothing at all, is made up of one surmise, and one lie. Miss Gruber was never my secretary. Calling her my "secretary" was probably intended to carry the implication that she had access to my personal and confidential files, and thus justify inference that such files contained, or might contain, matters of importance in connection with our national security. It should be noted that, as to Miss Gruber's being "a contact of F. A. Garanin of the Soviet Embassy," it is based upon *something* that had been *reported* by *someone.* Thus, thanks to some feckless FBI agent, whom Mr. Hoover should immediately direct to earn his living more honestly, a surmise and a lie are married and set loose, hand in hand, to march through headlines and the text of newspaper articles. Unfortunately, from such a miscegenation can be born a teeming progeny of distorted and misshapen monstrosities. Is it for playing fast and loose with the characters of honorable citizens that Congress votes money so generously?

Miss Gruber was introduced to me originally by a letter from Mrs. Mary Simkovitch, director emeritus of Greenwich House, the famous social settlement of New York City. Subsequently, Miss Gruber was vouched for by Mrs. Ogden Reid, president of the dangerously radical New York Herald Tribune Corporation. She also has been spoken of favorably by Mrs. Mary A. Beard, wife and co-worker of the celebrated Charles A. Beard, and Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the famous Arctic explorer. She has done special assignments for both the *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Post* and has written two noteworthy books. As I said to a reporter of the United Press who called me up, "If Miss Gruber is a Red, I am a Hottentot."

Any FBI agent so callow or so irresponsible as to report in writing that Miss Gruber was my secretary should be separated from his job without loss of time. If he misstated the fact when he said that Miss Gruber was my secretary, is he to be credited when he added that "Gruber has been reported [!] to have been a contact of F. A. Garanin"?

That Miss Gruber knew Garanin casually, she was the first to admit. She knew many people in many Washington embassies. So have others, undoubtedly including Mr. Hoover himself. Guilt by such an attenuated association as this is, of course, no guilt at all. If Miss Gruber is suspect because she knew a member of the Russian Embassy, how about those in the glittering parade of spike-tail coats and dazzling evening gowns that used to attend the crushes at the Russian Embassy in order to stuff themselves with caviar and champagne?

When interviewed by the newspapers after the false charges had been printed, Miss Gruber said that she had never met Miss Coplon. There has been no showing that there was any connection between Miss Gruber and Miss Coplon. No one has even alleged that if Miss Gruber had had access to all of the files of the Department of the Interior, including those of its Secretary, she could have discovered, even after the most persistent and diligent effort, any fact or circumstance the disclosure of which might endanger our national security. Just why this sort of arsenical "evidence" should have been introduced, while the government sought to withhold other and possibly more important evidence, is something that the FBI and the Department of Justice should, in decency, disclose.

It is not to be wondered at that the people are jittery and fearful when we have stealthy and trigger-happy officials dishing up such horrendous pabulum to them. It is natural that smearing witch-hunters should revel in the panic of fear that they create. HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE CAVE OF THE MINOTAUR

by James R. Newman

THIS HODGE-PODGE of an essay is prejudiced, absurdly conceived, filled with contradictions, yet not without eloquence and force. Admirably translated from the French by J. F. Huntington, *On Power* has won a better press in England than here. Leading British historians and political scientists have applauded it even when they announced themselves in profound disagreement with its main conclusions. And whatever its defects, it is a book to stir controversy: its theme, I agree with Brogan, should be "on the agenda of every modern society."

ON POWER: ITS NATURE AND THE HISTORY OF ITS GROWTH, by Bertrand de Jouvenel. Translated by J. F. Huntington. With a Preface by D. W. Brogan (The Viking Press; $5).

You may recall the legend of the Minotaur, who annually consumed an assortment of youths and maidens delivered to him as tribute by the conquered Athenians. De Jouvenel presents this mythical monster as symbol of the state or of Power, and proceeds to give an extended account of its natural history and growth. The choice of metaphor deserves attention because it illustrates peculiarly well the emotional cast of de Jouvenel's thought and the nature of his entire approach to his subject. So far from acting the part of a disinterested analyst, he has deliberately selected for his image of social wholes a symbol conveying the impression of evil, ruthlessness and insatiable appetite. After warning his readers that a metaphor is a "dangerous servant" who, having first made a modest appearance on behalf of an argument, too often ends as its master, de Jouvenel proceeds to personify Power, to split and to multiply the images of its person with bewildering zoölogical and poetic virtuosity. It may be that the author has a well-defined idea of what he means by the word "Power"; if so, even in this overlong essay, he does not trouble to impart it. Fortunately the translator comes to the rescue with a prefatory note stating that "whenever it [the word "Power"] begins with the capital letter, it denotes the central governmental authority in states or communities—*l'ensemble des éléments gouvernementaux*." One doubts whether this definition fully expresses de Jouvenel's idea, but at least it serves as a basis for the puzzled reader.

It is, as I have said, a large book (without the courtesy of an index) and it is no easy task to summarize its contents. The author is erudite and does not spare us his erudition; when he has a point he ornaments it with endless variations.

Power, says de Jouvenel, must forever expand in order to maintain itself. All history pictures the growing concentration of force in the state, the swelling of central authority over men and resources, the systematic weakening and final extirpation of any group which presumes to challenge the throne. The hallmarks of Power are taxes and conscription. "Power has had its ups and downs, but, looking at the picture as a whole, it is one of continuous advance, an advance which is reflected in the stupendous growth of its instruments, its revenues, its armed forces, its police forces, and its capacity to make laws."

Various private interests have contended with the state from time to time to bound its province and restrict its authority. But whatever has threatened or stood in the way of Power has perished: from its adversaries as well as from its temporary allies Power expects only sustenance and ultimately it devours what nourishes it. The "notables," the aristocracy, the barons, waged their battle of containment against the King only to be put down and to be reduced, at best, to "begging for pensions"; the Church, which de Jouvenel considers, allowing for occasional abuses, to have been a wise and benign check on Power, has been almost everywhere cast out of temporal affairs; merchants, bankers, manufacturers, in short the mercantile aristocracy, the King's "best friends" when he was bent on destroying the feudal baronies, attained for a short period a kind of domination reaching to every point in the political sphere, but the downfall of capitalism, already complete in some parts of the world, gains momentum as socialization and nationalization gain ground.

The principle of aggrandizement extends, according to de Jouvenel, even to revolutions of the whole people. For whenever the old Power is repudiated and destroyed because of abuses, the Power which takes its place is even more authoritarian. At first the excuse is that greater force and authority are needed to prevent the resurgence of former tyrannies; once its position has been consolidated the new Power finds it unnecessary to justify its engorged controls. Never was there a revolution "which did not result in an accretion of Power's weight." Cromwell, Napoleon and Stalin as successors of Charles I, Louis XVI and Nicholas II made deeper inroads against liberty than the weak tyrants whom they superseded. In France and Russia the events following the great revolutions provide testimony in favor of de Jouvenel's thesis; but neither the English nor the American revolution supports it. History, Froude observed, is like a box of letters from which the historian may choose what appeals to him and spell the words and sentences which conform to his bias. The pastime is one to which de Jouvenel is devoted.

Modern democracy is the object of

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de Jouvenel's heaviest barrage. "The world will never be safe for democracy," wrote Chesterton after the First World War; "it is a dangerous trade." De Jouvenel goes much further. It is, he thinks, the highest point on the spiral of despotism.No Persian satrap or Oriental tyrant had powers comparable to those of the leaders of democratic states. Weary of the "inconstant, uncertain, unknown, arbitrary will of another man" (the sovereign; I quote Locke's celebrated phrase), the people of Europe in state after state, by peaceful means and by violence, created their parliamentary democracies. With what result? "What is called the coming of democracy is really the conveyance of the established Power to new owners. . . ." The people fondly imagine that the new Power is their Power; that the central will is their will; that the force in control can be turned on and off as if it flowed from a tap and that the right of suffrage is like the right to turn the handle; that they are the masters of their delegates. But hear Prudhon from his experiences as a deputy in the 1848 assembly:

> It is no use saying that the elected person or the representative of the people is only the trustee for the people, its delegate, its advocate, its agent, its interpreter and so forth; notwithstanding this sovereignty which belongs, in theory, to the mass . . . it will never come about that the agent's influence and authority will not be greater than his principle's, and that he takes trusteeship seriously. It will always be so: in spite of principle, *the delegate of the sovereign will be the master of the sovereign.*

It is in the nature of things that the sovereignty of the people is a "fiction, and one which must in the long run prove destructive of individual liberties." One must not, of course, suppose that all power is bad. It is neither "angel nor brute," but mixed, like man himself, and a social necessity, for "the order which it imposes and the harmony which it creates" enable men to attain a better life. But Power is authority and makes for more authority, is force and makes for more force, and every enhancement of authority and force creates absolute evils, overweighing any possible benefits.

Law in the modern state is an illusory check on power, an inadequate guardian of individual liberty, since in the last analysis democracy lives by another fiction, that there is no higher ethic than majority opinion and that "a people as a whole, speaking *ex cathedra*, can do no injustice to any man in its decisions." That this is a fiction, and that there is in fact an overriding ethic by which even unanimous decisions of the people, if such a thing can be imagined, should be tested, cannot in de Jouvenel's view be seriously doubted. "It is essential," he says, quoting Duguit, "never to weary both in understanding and in asserting that there is a rule of law which is superior to the public authority, a law which comes to limit it and to lay on it obligations." For the classical enunciation of this law one must turn to the writings of Aristotle, Aquinas and Montesquieu: "In them is substance and nothing of them is divorced from reality." The choice of prophets reflects de Jouvenel's authoritarian, Catholic, aristocratic outlook.

In the same vein he argues for the merits of the theory of divine right, in its earlier form at any rate, when the sovereign was subject to ecclesiastical ban and a Christian yardstick could be used to measure his decrees. Not so in a modern democracy, especially as it evolves to the "welfare" state. The principle of Protagoras—that man is the measure of all things—is invoked as license for every action, however outrageous, taken by or in the name of the majority; the essence of liberty, *i.e.*, my will "not being subject to other human wills," is watered down to mean "not being subject to other human wills except where the public good is involved"; men are reduced from the status of individuals to mere "members," peas shelled from their pods: these are the inevitable consequences of democracy and egalitarianism, of the state, in Burke's words, becoming all in all.

A good deal of this polemicizing must sound familiar to anyone acquainted with the works of Lecomte du Noüy, Charles A. Lindbergh and Friedrich A. Hayek. The same fears, the same righteous eloquence, the same exhortation to turn back, the same warning against going forward. The assertion that "there must be no incessant calling in question" of beliefs and folkways because their "relative stability is an essential condition of the welfare of society" is, for want of a better expression, a perfect Hayekism. It would not be correct, however, to infer that de Jouvenel's product is no better than the dreary blankets the erudite professor gives us to chew.

On Power, besides being a work of sincerity, has insight into men's motives and the grand design of politics which raises it above the everyday variety of social essay. The analysis of the evolution of social wholes and the pattern of obedience, the historical survey of the growth of the state in France, the evaluation of contemporary struggles in terms of hunger for fresh power and the quest for security by which Power can be preserved: these aspects of the essay mark an independent and perceptive mind. Yet repeatedly de Jouvenel's vision is blurred by dogmatism and his arguments stultified by inaccuracies. His deterministic view of history concedes no place to the irrational and the inexplicable, to the "play of the contingent and the unforeseen." He makes no attempt to explain the psychology of social groups and classes and its bearing on political processes. He scarcely mentions the importance of economic power. His deep feelings about the excesses of Power require him to harmonize his reasons and conclusions with his emotions, a circumstance fatal to dispassionate inquiry. He is unwilling or unable to distinguish between a state that strives, in pursuance of high, peaceful ideals, to promote the welfare of its citizens, and a state that, in furtherance of some perverse ideology, uses its population as slaves and cannon fodder. ("A Minotaur," says H. N. Brailsford in his excellent Manchester *Guardian* review, "whose face resembles now Lord Beveridge's kindly features, and again those of Adolf Hitler, is a myth

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too extravagant for exact zoölogy.")

Inevitably, the organization of the state is augmented in complexity by the mere rise in population, the advance in technology, economic change, the multiplication of the needs and desires of civilized man. Is this augmentation to be ascribed to a "willful extension" of Power? One suspects that de Jouvenel would regard the enlargement of the census bureau, say, or of the postal service as an absolute evil simply and only because each entails a further swelling of *l'ensemble des éléments gouvernementaux.*

Even so, *On Power* makes a significant contribution to an understanding of the tragic and futile conflict which darkens our period, for it enables one to perceive the outlines of the forces which drive to war and destruction. I should not like to end this review without quoting from Savile's *Character of a Trimmer*, a passage to be found in de Jouvenel's work:

> Amongst all the engines of dissension, there hath been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach; and the reason is plain in respect of the people, who, though generally they are incapable of making a syllogism or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serveth their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like.

In our day "the people" engaged in this ugly pastime are offered the high rostrum of the press, and the dull malice of one voice can carry across the land.

THE FLAWS OF GENIUS

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS, by Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by James Strachey (W. W. Norton; $2).

THE TRANSLATOR of this little book tells us that Freud began it on July 22, 1938, and a few weeks later stopped at a point where it was apparently not far from completion. In any case Freud managed to finish an exposition of most or all of the major ideas and theories of his subject. He says in an Introductory Note that his aim "is to bring together the doctrines of psychoanalysis and to state them, as it were, dogmatically—in the most concise form and in the most positive terms." This aim is admirably fulfilled: the book is positive, concise and dogmatic.

Freud assumes that mental life "is the function of an apparatus to which we ascribe the characteristics of being extended in space and of being made up of several portions. . . ." And he adds that the carrying through of this conception is a scientific novelty. It introduces us at once to his "mental topography," that is, the notion that the psychological or mental "apparatus" is made up of "mental provinces or agencies" having spatial and other characteristics. This apparatus comprises the id, ego and superego.

Another characteristic of mental life is that of having the qualities of being conscious, preconscious or unconscious. According to Freud, consciousness is a transitory state. Ideas and perceptions, for example, quickly come and go in consciousness. Many ideas and perceptions exist in a latent condition in regard to conscious awareness; that is, they exist in a state in which they can become conscious at almost any time since they can be reproduced or remembered without much trouble. Finally, certain other mental processes do not ordinarily become conscious at all. They have to be "inferred, discovered, and translated" into conscious form. Such processes are said to be unconscious. While "large portions" of the ego and superego are either preconscious or unconscious, the sole quality of the id is that of being unconscious.

In this way Freud attempts to represent the organization of the human personality, its biological or somatic substrate, its assimilation of individual experience and its incorporation of the cultural heritage, all operating in a more or less unstable integration and oscillating between the unsteady light of consciousness and the dark night of deep unconsciousness. The "instincts," which are conceived in a very unclear fashion to exist "behind the tensions caused by the needs of the id," are given primary importance. The power of the id which gives expression to instinctual demands also "expresses the true purpose of the individual organism's life," namely, the satisfaction of its innate needs. It is the business of the ego to discover the most favorable and least perilous method of obtaining the organism's satisfactions. As for the superego, it may bring fresh needs to the fore, but it is chiefly concerned with the "*limitation*" of satisfactions.

So the ego has a hard time of it struggling to satisfy the instinctual urgencies of the id, to comply with the moral demands of the superego, and to learn to meet the requirements and necessities of the external world. Failure means neurosis or psychosis.

It is therefore not difficult to see that Freud conceives the human situation as indeed precarious. But this is by no means all. Things are worse than they seem. Two basic instincts are assumed to exist: Eros (the love instinct) and the destructive (death) instinct.

> The aim of the first of these basic instincts is to establish ever greater unities and to preserve them thus—in short, to bind together; the aim of the second, on the contrary, is to undo connections and so to destroy things. We may suppose that the final aim of the destructive instinct is to reduce living things to an inorganic state.

The two work against each other or combine. And it is the interaction of the two which effects the phenomena of life.

Life may be conceived as a struggle against the death instinct, and the latter always triumphs, for it "at length succeeds in doing the individual to death. . . ." In any case the death instinct is unremittingly insistent. It is either directed outward against other people and things, and thus discharged in the form of destructive activity against the world, or it may be directed against oneself in the form of self-destructive activity. During the formation of the superego in childhood, "considerable amounts" of the aggressive instinct are fixated within the ego and work self-destructively. Hence man must pay a steep price for

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achieving cultural development, of which the superego is agent; for the "holding back of aggressiveness is in general unhealthy and leads to illness." The conclusion seems inevitable —at least I see no escape—that, for Freud, man has the sole alternative of engaging in aggressive behavior against the world or running a grave risk of illness. In other words, if we take these formulations literally, there is a fundamental opposition, however mitigated by the operation of Eros, between the health and happiness of the individual and the welfare and progress of society.

There is a great deal more material in this little book which I cannot discuss because of limitations of space. Infantile sexuality and personality development, the technique of psychoanalytic therapy, dream interpretation and much theory and speculation about the fundamental dynamisms of the psychic life are given succinct exposition. Those who are interested in Freudian theory will find it illuminating on many points.

Reading this practically final work of Freud, one is struck by the tenacity with which he has adhered for many years to every theory he arrived at regardless of the empirical findings of anthropology, sociology and social psychology. It is no disparagement of his great contributions not only to psychiatry, but to a number of other fields, to deplore the crudeness of his theoretical framework, his dogmatic temper and his refusal to modify theory in the face of the discoveries of colleagues in the same and related fields. Throughout, his work is marred by the psychologistic fallacy: explaining human nature and behavior in terms of characteristics which are thought of as more or less fixed, while ignoring or minimizing the characteristics of society through which the raw material of human nature alone takes on meaning and significance.

As critics of Freud have frequently observed, he saw the irrational and destructive characteristics manifested in interpersonal relations as fixed and inherent elements of human nature. In other words, he took the destructive elements of the Western society of his time and enshrined them as fixed elements in the constitution of human nature in the form of such things as the death instinct. We now know that it is meaningless, or at least gravely misleading, to talk about essential traits or fixed qualities of people apart from the society in which they live and have their being.

All of this, I repeat, is in no sense meant as a belittling of his great achievements. And I might add that even Freud's shortcomings and errors have the exaggerated quality often characteristic of genius. Psychoanalysis is an infant science and the work of refinement and modification is rapidly proceeding. PATRICK MULLAHY

Patrick Mullahy, lecturer in philosophy at Columbia University, is the author of Oedipus —Myth and Complex and the editor of A Study of Interpersonal Relations.

VEXATIONS OF A POET

ALFRED TENNYSON, by Charles Tennyson (Macmillan; $7.50).

FOR HALF A CENTURY students of Tennyson have depended upon the *Memoir* and the supplementary *Tennyson and His Friends*, which were compiled by his son Hallam, and those volumes, with their many letters and solid chunks of Tennyson's table talk, are not superseded—as Sir Charles Tennyson is the first to recognize—by the new biography. But the *Memoir* is scanty just where we wish for fullness—in its account of the poet's formative years and the whole period before 1850.

Two main sources of Tennyson's early (and indeed lifelong) troubles are well known, the religious problem that he shared with many contemporaries and the special torture that a morbidly sensitive young man suffered from the ferocity of some leading reviewers. The *Memoir*, however, only partly suggested the weight of manifold family difficulties that harassed the poet's youth and early manhood; in later life he could not bear to talk freely even to his son and confidant. Sir Charles, who has personal memories of his grandfather's old age and has drawn upon the recollections of intimate friends, has also read hundreds of hitherto unknown letters and, at this time of day, can write unconstrainedly. He greatly amplifies our knowledge of Tennyson's earlier years, and gives a picture of home life and clan relations which might have furnished a theme for Samuel Butler or some more sympathetic novelist.

The Somersby parsonage with its eleven children, some of them precocious, was the scene of much reading and writing and much lively fun, but for more than twenty years it was also the scene of gloom and storms. The Reverend George Tennyson, eldest son of a rich, ambitious and strong-minded father, had been displaced as heir in favor of the younger Charles and had been pushed into the church. All the black-blooded Tennysons were nervously unstable, sometimes melancholy, sometimes explosive, and "the Doctor," a man of forceful and erratic personality, given to brooding over his wrongs and over family problems, grew more and more difficult to live with, especially after he sought comfort in drink. The *Memoir* told of the boy Alfred, more than once "scared by his father's fits of despondency," going out in the night to throw himself "on a grave in the churchyard, praying to be beneath the sod himself." Sir Charles Tennyson relates these incidents to the father's alcoholic "paroxysms of violence" and to the young son's sense of loyalty being torn between his father and his mother.

Later, when the father died, and later still when the grandfather died, Mrs. George Tennyson and her many children were left with relatively small means; Charles, an aspiring politician and the grandfather's heir, proceeded to spend his new fortune in creating a Gothic castle. (If we think of the personal and family feuds in *Locksley Hall* and *Maud* as only tawdry theatricalism, there was harsh experience behind them.) After his father's death, Alfred, who had his own full share of Tennysonian neurosis and personal anxieties, had to steer the ill-manned family through rough waters. Fred-

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erick, the eldest, and a poet of sorts, felt little responsibility; Charles, also a poet and a clergyman, was a victim of opium; Edward became so deranged that he had to be put in an institution; and the other brothers and sisters were temperamental and financial problems.

These are only samples of the much fuller detail supplied by the new biography; throughout, it gives a consecutive story in place of the often disconnected jottings of the *Memoir*. Sir Charles does not essentially alter the familiar Tennyson (and he produces no scandal to rehabilitate him for our age), but by filling in outlines he makes a more real and human figure, who remains, as man and as poet, a massive and shaggy bundle of paradoxes. The modern and usually hostile eye has been too much focused on the Laureate, the "National Institution," and it is well to see more of the younger Tennyson, poor, unhappy and care-ridden, who wrote so much of the great poetry.

The account of his later life has less novelty, since here the *Memoir* was pretty full, but there are many good anecdotes—as of Tennyson's desperate efforts to escape from the over-watchful Palgrave (p. 328)—and many of the sacred bard's less sacred utterances are cited. In comparison with the piety of the son's portrait (which reflected public piety too), the grandson is commendably candid in painting in the warts. He often illustrates that poetical vanity which was so disarmingly naïve and which went along with extreme shyness; he recognizes some unfortunate strains in both poetry and opinion; and he quotes some of the bitterest newspaper parodies attacking Tennyson's Imperialism and his acceptance of a peerage. If in the later years the air grows heavy with incense, that is part of the story; Tennyson came to live, in a unique and superlative degree, the life of a royal personage or —with some essential differences—of a Hollywood star.

Sir Charles Tennyson, a lawyer and government official, who in 1930-31 edited two valuable volumes of Tennyson's early unpublished poetry, modestly admits his disadvantages in literary scholarship (one young American scholar, by the way, is assigned to "Oake University, Salem" instead of Duke University, Durham), and his comments on the poems, while respectable, are not always sophisticated. But he has done, with both sympathy and detachment, and without "the exercise of the imagination," the competent, solid and honest piece of biography that he was especially qualified to do.

DOUGLAS BUSH

Douglas Bush, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author of Paradise Lost in Our Time, English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century, and other books.

TALENT FOR ANGER

LUCIFER WITH A BOOK, by John Horne Burns (Harpers; $3.50).

JOHN HORNE BURNS's first book, *The Gallery*, was a collection of brilliant character portraits and descriptive sketches drawn against the background of war. Much of its power derived from the excellence of the style, which had an immense capacity for vivid metaphorical suggestion, and from the conviction of personal betrayal which one sensed in Burns. In Africa and Italy he had witnessed the slow corruption of the ideals of human justice for which America has ostensibly fought. He had found a fascism in our own army as violent and terrible as the enemy's. He had discovered a dignity and compassion in the conquered that the conquerors could neither understand nor equal.

On first reading, *Lucifer with a Book* seems a disappointing successor to *The Gallery*. The style in many places is too feverishly brilliant; the metaphors often lose their potency for being used indiscriminately on commonplace material; and there are curious and unforgivable lapses into triteness. Yet despite Burns's rather startling technical failure, the power of indignation and protest which enhanced *The Gallery* is clearly present, and it is directed at a similar corruption of values, this time in American education.

Burns has chosen his area of attack remarkably well. The locale is an Eastern academy for upper-middle-class adolescents ruled by an old egomaniac named Pilkey—the prototype of the American rugged individualist gone fascist—and a faculty of opportunists, fellow travelers, perverts and intellectual gangsters who have all, in one way or another, sold out to the system. The student body is a nasty miniature of the faculty. There is the loutish manufacturer's son—the Fine Fellow-Good Clean American Boy type—who emerges as a goose-stepping Storm Trooper after a few weeks of drill in the school's military training program. There are the two budding homosexuals who call themselves the Abbott and the Abbess and who conduct weird erotic ceremonies in the privacy of their incense-filled dormitory rooms. Set against these grotesques are Guy Hudson, an uncompromising war veteran who joins the staff as a history teacher; Ralph, a sensitive young student violinist who contrasts ironically with the Regular Fellows; and Ben, a Jewish liberal. This trio holds out against the prevailing corruption and is severely persecuted.

The bulk of the novel concerns Hudson's conflict with the school and his rather precipitate love affair with Betty Blanchard, a lovely ex-WAC captain turned Spanish teacher. Perhaps because of the rampant sexuality of the academy life, the emotion of the lovers is never made convincing. It is, in fact, dramatized only in the moment of drunken abandon in which it is discovered, and then it is merely lust. Fortunately, the love is required to function as nothing more than a counterpoint to the ideological struggle between Hudson and the school; and it is upon this that the main force of the novel depends. Burns's argument throughout is that American education, like American democracy, can be degraded by the reactionary elements in power to the status of a vulgar dictatorial machine destructive of the ends it was originally established to protect. This will happen unless men like Hudson are willing to fight and sacrifice themselves for those ends.

Burns obviously got rid of a good

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deal of personal bitterness in *Lucifer with a Book*, for it is a novel full of malice and fire. If it does not altogether measure up to the achievement of *The Gallery*, it is at least an indication that Burns has continued to react violently and powerfully to the injustices of our time. JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

John W. Aldridge is a lecturer on literary criticism at the University of Vermont and author of a book on the new younger writers which is now being prepared for publication.

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THEATRE: Transition in Tel Aviv

TEL AVIV

IT IS INTERESTING to study the crisis in the Habimah Company since its return to Israel from its American tour. Habimah was founded in the USSR in the early days of the Soviet regime. It was not just the company's youth and idealism at that time that caused it to organize as a coöperative in which all salaries were to be equal and all decisions were to be arrived at by vote of the whole "collective"; it was also an economic necessity. There is no doubt that without such a setup the troupe could not have survived the years of war, communism, travel abroad, and final settling in Palestine as the country's first and only professionally trained theatrical company.

Something happened to the company in America, although this was inevitable in any case. The more talented members of the troupe began to realize the defects of the coöperative setup under present conditions. There seemed little point now in continuing the system of equal pay for unequal services. Over the years certain actors proved more useful than others to the organization. But the less useful were able, by dint of the old collective ideal, to keep themselves not only on an economic par with their fellows but to maintain an equal voice in the company's councils.

On their return to Palestine, which had in the meantime become the relatively "secure" and independent state of Israel, the crisis came to a head. Some of the best actors threatened to resign. To prevent this move, which would almost certainly have meant the dissolution of the company, a reorganization was promised. Habimah was no longer to be an absolute coöperative; policy was no longer to be controlled by vote of the entire body of actors. The provisional board of directors now running Habimah is made up of two actors chosen by the acting company, two representatives of the community (the local municipality, the central trade union, the state) and an administrative executive appointed by these official bodies as a whole. The final disposition and policy of Habimah is to be determined next fall.

The personal and functional crisis in the company does not by any means embrace the artistic and social problem of the theatre. Habimah faces a new generation to whom the older members—their training, mental attitudes, the atmosphere generally—are somewhat alien. The younger generation recognizes the epoch-making importance of "The Dybbuk" as a production, but "The Dybbuk," which, to begin with, was a stylization of a life that the Russian revolution had made obsolete, has now become a museum piece. To the older generation its content was a quasi-satiric distortion of a memory; to an audience which "has fought seven Arab nations," as the Israelis are fond of reminding you, "The Dybbuk" is the memory of a memory. And this is true of more than the material itself. Its manner of production, which, because it was a masterpiece, influenced almost every one of Habimah's subsequent productions, no longer corresponds to present realities and tastes. The young Israelis want new kinds of plays, new production methods and, above all, a greater role in the future work.

Despite uncertainty, confusion, resistance of the old generation in face of the new, Habimah has been able to meet the first shock of this transition period successfully. This has been accomplished by its first production since the return from America, the work of a novice, "In the Plains of the Negev." Two things are to be especially noted here: "In the Plains of the Negev" is a topical play about the recent struggle between the Israelis and the Arabs, and nearly all the most effective parts are played by youngsters.

The play is a smash. I have watched

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different kinds of audiences react to it with equal pleasure. The older people are moved because it reminds them of a dream fulfilled and of their sons' as well as their own heroic sacrifices. The soldiers themselves—I saw a special performance given for them in Jerusalem—are filled with pride and inspired with hope by the play. The kids—in Haifa I also saw a special morning show for school children—the kids love not only the military stuff and the patriotics, but the reflection of their own young energy.

Those who know Hebrew tell me that the play is wretchedly written, and it is plain to see that its dramaturgic equivalent in our country would be considered little better than a melodramatic tear-jerker. But such a comparison on absolute standards (there are, by the way, practically no absolute standards in the theatre) are a little misleading and pointless. The essential thing to be understood about a play like "In the Plains of the Negev" is that it is the expression of a new country in its crude and vigorous infancy.

There is a scene in the play in which a native Israeli soldier teaches Hebrew to his immigrant buddy from Russia. (The immigrant is fluent only in Yiddish.) In a later scene we see an Israeli soldier of twenty teaching an Israeli soldier of forty the new Hebrew slang. I can find no better image than these scenes of one element in the country instructing another and one generation learning from the other to typify what is going on today in this young land. HAROLD CLURMAN

ON THE AIR: A Week of Precedents

"STUDIO ONE" (CBS-TV) brought to the home screen on a recent Wednesday evening the most satisfying dramatic performance I have yet seen on the new medium. It was a one-hour script by Joseph Liss based on S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," a Jewish folk tale of tortuous mysticism played against the materialistic but spiritually beautiful background that dominated some aspects of Jewish life in Eastern Europe for several centuries. But this was not merely an adaptation; it was the reworking of very old material for a very new technique.

The performance was under Worthington ("Tony") Miner's supervision, with direction by Paul Nickell, special choreography by Felicia Sorel, and superb acting by Arnold Moss in the lead role as the rabbi of Miropol. In addition to approaching the understanding Habimah brings to this classic so closely associated with its name, Liss and Miner showed a thorough grasp of television's possibilities. They recognized the limitations imposed by a cramped proscenium and faced realistically the fact that they were playing before a mass audience to whom many of the play's basic concepts were strange.

The handicaps were stupendous; except for a few details, they were surmounted. The little accidents are sure to be eliminated from any repeat performance of what was essentially opening night. It would be tragic if the Liss-Miner "Dybbuk" were relegated to the status of one-shot; it should be in television's repertory.

It was about three years ago that CBS's youthful Dr. Peter Goldmark demonstrated what he called then "high-fidelity" color on television. That demonstration was part of a CBS campaign to obtain authorization from the Federal Communications Commission for color-video broadcasting on a commercial basis. Radio Corporation of America, and others, protested; the FCC denied CBS's claims; and the television we know today got the green light.

In Philadelphia, the pharmaceutical house of Smith, Kline and French, backed by the University of Pennsylvania, revived the entire subject early this month by staging for the press a

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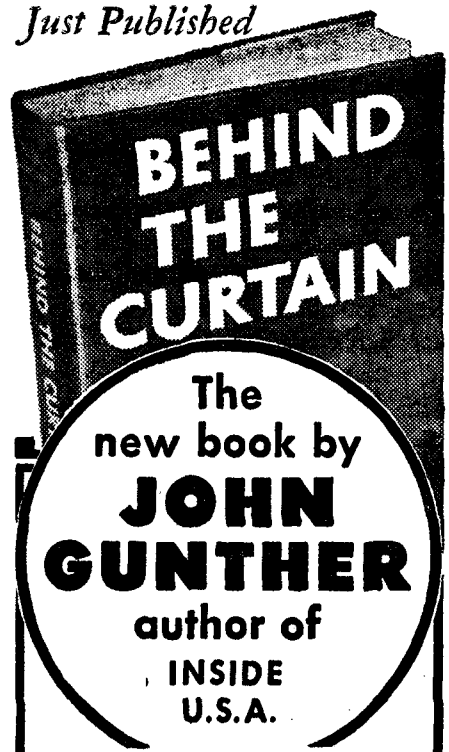

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preview of the four-day show it would put on the following week before the delegates to the American Medical Association convention at Atlantic City. The University was plugging its plans for a new medical center which would be wired for teaching surgery with the help of color television. But there were implications broader than academic public relations. Officially, CBS had nothing to do with the whole thing, but the equipment used in Philadelphia—as at Atlantic City—was Goldmark's.

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Meanwhile, the FCC came through with something else that may affect all of us more immediately. The Commission issued a special report on the subject of editorialization by broadcasters. In effect, the FCC has ditched the 1941 Mayflower rule which forbade broadcasters to take an editorial stand. By permitting editorialization but insisting that an oracular broadcaster must also be "fair," the Commission seems to think it has now found a middle road. But it's a path leading to the entrenchment of reaction on the air.

Here is how this new rule was established. There are seven members on the FCC, all with equal voting power. Of the seven, two were in Paris on official business and did not cast a ballot when the Mayflower "revision" was put on the books. Of the remaining five, four "concurred"—but the ayes included two who criticized the final report violently. Of these, one was disgusted by the unclear language, but offered little improvement; the other accepted the decision as a partial victory for the broadcasters' viewpoint, but grieved that the triumph was incomplete. The "majority" opinion, which prevailed, really satisfied only two of the seven commissioners—Rosel E. Hyde and George E. Sterling.

Miss Frieda B. Hennock, the fifth commissioner present, played a lone hand courageously, and dissented. Since her statement summarized the majority view succinctly, as well as phrasing the reasons for her own position, here it is almost in full:

I agree with the majority that it is imperative that a high standard of impartiality in the presentation of issues of public controversy be maintained by broadcast licensees. I do not believe that the Commission's decision, however, will bring about the desired end. The standard of fairness as delineated in the Report is virtually impossible of enforcement by the Commission with our present lack of policing methods and with the sanctions given us by law. We should not underestimate the difficulties inherent in the discovery of unfair presentation in any particular situation, or the problem presented by the fact that the sole sanction the Commission possesses is total deprivation of broadcast privileges in a renewal or revocation proceeding which may occur long after the violation.

In the absence of some method of policing and enforcing the requirement that the public trust granted a licensee be exercised in an impartial manner, it seems foolhardy to permit editorialization by licensees themselves. . . .

Reacting quickly were Justin Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, who crowed; CBS's board chairman, William S. Paley, who showed that even a sane broadcaster can be myopic by calling the new rule "a great forward step"; the CIO-PAC; and the New York *Times* editorial page.

The CIO-PAC declared (in part):

FCC's new policy goes through the motion of setting up safeguards, providing that a station owner must not use his privilege "in such a way as to give his listeners only one side of the question under discussion." But the FCC majority leaves it up to the owner to say what is fair, saying "the particular format best suited for the presentation of such programs in a manner consistent with the public interest" must be determined in each individual case by the station itself. . . . Radio-station owners are free to put their own propaganda on the air.

The *Times* editorial takes the pro-Mayflower position assumed by most of us who, during the hearings, plumped against either revocation or modification. The editorial points out correctly that the broadcaster's "freedom" must be evaluated on a basis different from that of a newspaper publisher's, since the broadcaster uses "public property which for technical reasons is in short supply—the air waves." Without mentioning Miss Hennock, the *Times* also sees policing problems, and concludes: "Before it cheers the FCC so loudly, the broadcasting industry might ponder whether it has not opened a Pandora's box by inviting the government to take further action in the matter of editorial opinion."

Greek mythology and the FCC aside, it is now up to everyone of us to exercise our prerogatives as owners of the air more vigilantly than ever. Let's get out the scales every time a station utters an editorial "we" on the air.

SAUL CARSON

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MUSIC: Rough-and-Tumble Tactics

WHEN THE JUNE 4 issue of *Collier's* appeared on the newsstands, loud outcries issued from New York's two biggest concert managements. Beneath a scarehead box promising revelations of "rough-and-tumble, often questionable, tactics," an article by Stanley Frank ("Geniuses Have It Tough, Too") charged that "genius and mediocrity are thrown into one package and sold throughout the country by New York managers who have tied up so many local concert outlets that they virtually dominate both the audience and the artists." For this alleged state of affairs, Frank pins the responsibility upon National Concert and Artists Corporation, with its subsidiary, Civic Concert Service, and Columbia Artists Management, with its affiliated Community Concert Service.

Two days after the article appeared, the NCAC instructed its attorneys to file a $1 million libel suit against *Collier's*. Columbia publicly applauded the NCAC's action, but instead of following it, went into a series of huddles with Louis Ruppel, the recently appointed editor of *Collier's*, who disclaimed responsibility for the article as being the work of his predecessor. Ward French, one of the two head men at Columbia since Arthur Judson's resignation as president last fall, sought to make the magazine print a full-scale retraction, and also set machinery in motion to prepare a nation-wide counter-attack addressed to magazine and newspaper editors.

Only the court can say whether the article is libelous. In any case, Columbia complained that Frank had neither asked for nor received any information directly from its office. He made use partly of facts printed for the first time in my *New Republic* article of June 16, 1947 ("There's Gold in a Good Soprano"), and partly of statements and interpretations gathered from "insiders" and other unidentified sources. His journalistic technique, designed to shock the reader into agreeing with his conclusions despite grave defects of logic and sometimes even without a consistent viewpoint, displays a ready command of such familiar tricks as the disregard of qualifying contexts and the incendiary juxtaposition of essentially unrelated facts.

I am not overly fond of either Columbia or the NCAC, but I still think, as I did two years ago, that they are entitled to a dispassionate statement of the facts. Frank levels the old charge of "block-booking" against the organized-audience plan, by means of which Community and Civic have established subscription series in upwards of 1,500 towns and cities. The committees in charge of arranging the local Community schedules, he maintains (he is harder on Community than on Civic), accept "on a package-deal basis" the artists the salesman "wants to unload." This is not so. There are no "package deals."

Each artist is sold individually, at a fixed price anyone can discover by examining a mimeographed schedule. And even towns as remote as Caribou, Maine, can choose, as far as their funds permit, their four or five annual attractions from a list including more than one-third of the 160 on the Columbia roster, and limited only by the geographical availability of the artists. If they insist hard enough—it has to be very hard indeed—they can also obtain artists or ensembles from managements other than Columbia.

"Insiders," Frank claims, "wonder out loud whether the big boys have a tacit agreement on territorial rights." Insiders do not wonder at all, for they know better than anyone else how fiercely Columbia and the NCAC are battling nowadays for business in a declining market. The boom is over; artists are harder to sell than they were two or three years ago, and neither corporation is tempted to follow a "you first, Gaston" policy.

The touring artist's life is no bed of roses financially, but it is certainly not as unrewarding as Frank makes out. Arguing that traveling expenses, "unexpected promotion costs" (nearly every incidental cost looks "unexpected" to Frank) and the "standard 20 percent commission" (the scale varies for different types of engagements, and the correct average is 16 percent) eat up an unduly large portion of every artist's income, he asserts that those who earn less than $750 an engagement can only "starve grace-

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fully." This is not so. Here are some reliable, first-hand figures about performers in the $300-$500 class:

A young and hitherto unknown singer has just grossed $21,735 in her first year of touring, managed by Columbia. After deducting the cost of her accompanist, rail fares for two, 15 (not 20) percent commission, and printing and promotion costs, her net income—out of which she had to pay for hotels, food, income tax, and several $200 evening dresses—was $10,388.

A young tenor, in his second season on the road, grossed $29,535, retaining $20,125 as his net earnings. A young baritone, also in his second year, grossed $30,566, and netted $19,537. Whatever may be said about the plight of beginners in the concert field, at least Columbia's minimum-price performers "starve" fairly luxuriously; and the NCAC's young artists are no worse off.

In his eagerness to take potshots in all directions, Frank failed to investigate a real danger, but one that is potential rather than actual. In the two years since I wrote my earlier article, Community Concerts has grown tremendously, almost doubling the total of 600 cities it had organized at that time, and adding new ones every month. If Community, and also Civic, which is not nearly so large, expand to a point at which they control, between them, both the supplying and the presentation of artists in nearly every town, they will menace independent musical activity. If local managers are wholly displaced by mass distribution from New York, artists under independent management will no longer have any adequate outlet for their services, and their careers will wither on the vine.

But this has not happened yet, and let us hope it never will. Meanwhile the trouble with Columbia and the NCAC appears to be not that they are too wicked in their practices or too ungenerous toward their clients, but that they are too efficient in their business operations. After all, nobody else has found a way to provide reputable concerts without loss at $1 a ticket. As long as their procedures do not make careers impossible for capable artists outside their management, or thwart the growth of other local musical enterprises, it is difficult—and, I should think, needless—to make a case against them. CECIL SMITH

MOVIES: Low Pressure

IN THE FIRST twenty minutes or so of "Sorrowful Jones," Bob Hope does some of the best work of his career. His creation of a shabby Broadway character, the owner of a side-street horse room, is shrewd and comic caricature. The ingredients of Hope's carefully maintained public personality—his specious good-fellowship, his avarice, his quick wit born of timidity and a taste for larceny—are so appropriate to the part that he can be at once himself and the furtive Jones. Few pictures get off to a better start.

But before long, Hope is struggling with the warm taffy of one of Damon Runyon's stickier romances. The picture is a remake of "Little Miss Marker," in which Shirley Temple first starred and Adolphe Menjou played the Hope role, information you will not come upon in Paramount's current advertising.

The plot involves Hope in a series of cute or maudlin passages that are ill-suited to his acid style (it is impossible to think offhand of a style they would suit). He pulls himself free from moment to moment to deliver a fast line, but for the most part he is down on all fours in the nursery.

Mary Jane Saunders is as unobjectionable as the script permits. She is just the latest victim of Hollywood's custom of casting nice children as dreadful midgets. Lucille Ball is pleasantly astringent as Hope's girl friend; William Demarest, Bruce Ca-

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bot and Tom Pedi do standard underworld types; and Thomas Gomez, one of Hollywood's really fine actors, is thrown a bit part.

"Johnny Allegro" is the season's most preposterous melodrama. It concerns the Treasury Department's efforts to track down several million dollars' worth of phony currency originally printed by the Japanese in anticipation of their West Coast beachhead. The villain (George Macready), a man of such incredible elegance that he eats lobster for breakfast, lives in feudal splendor on an apparently uncharted island a half-hour by speed boat from the Florida mainland. In this remote fastness he plays symphony records and disposes of his opponents by archery. His silver-headed shafts never miss a target unless it is named George Raft, an escaped convict turned florist whom the Treasury boys blackmail into the super-spy job, and whose low cunning is more than a match for Macready's superlative luxe. Abbott and Costello should sue.

In the British "Broken Journey," a transport plane surprisingly full of good actors crash-lands on a remote Alpine snow plateau. A pretty romance develops between Phyllis Calvert and James Donald before the rescuers arrive, and Francis L. Sullivan, Raymond Huntley, David Tomlinson, Margot Grahame and the rest get on one another's nerves in a stimulating manner amid splendid scenery. It will serve to pass the time.

Another current Rank import, "Her Man Gilbey," will serve no purpose at all. It is a feverish and unfunny comedy (from Terence Rattigan's "English without Tears") made during the war, presumably to divert the public from its real troubles. Its effect on morale can now only be conjectured. The danger of "Her Man Gilbey" is that there are enough big names in it—Michael Wilding, Lilli Palmer, Claude Dauphin, Peggy Cummins and Margaret Rutherford—to lure the unwary into its caste-and-crumpets witlessness. ROBERT HATCH

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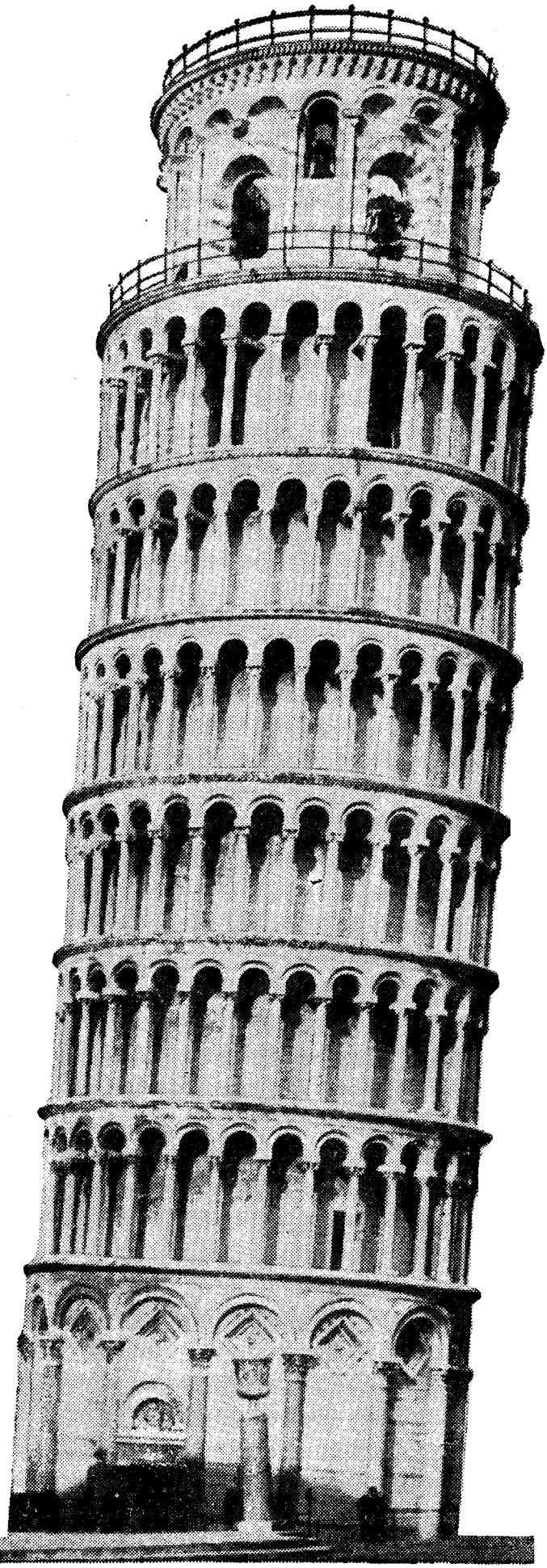

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